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THE REWARD OF PERSISTENCE

THE Prime Minister and Viceroy deserve the congratulations with which Members of all the main parties greeted the statement on India. Even Mr. Churchill could not forbear to cheer. To have brought these long and tortuous negotiations to a conclusion which, in an indirect way, may preserve the unity of the sub-continent and perhaps secure its co-operation with the Commonwealth is a triumph for Labour policy.

The Cabinet Mission plan collapsed because at the time it was presented there was only one point on which both sides agreed: that the British should leave India. The manner of their going and the shape of the India that they were to leave behind were still the cause of violent dispute. Whatever words Congress used in accepting the plan, they had no intention of allowing the Hindu elements in the five "Pakistan" provinces to become submerged under Muslim League domination, even though by doing so a central government with authority over defence, communications and foreign affairs could be retained. On the Muslim League side, Mr. Jinnah was emphatic that the Mission's plan was only the first stage on the journey to a clear-cut division.

Since then, the pressure of events and the governmental responsibilities thrown on the Indian leaders have produced another common factor of agreement—acceptance of the inevitability of partition, whether temporary or permanent. It is on that basis that the British Government have wisely formed their latest proposals, which have a better chance of success than anything devised so far. In India, as elsewhere, the most perfect of theoretical solutions, which by all the rules ought to work, does not work unless those who are to operate it genuinely subscribe to its provisions. This time there is some hope that the essential first condition of co-operation without reservation has probably been achieved.

However, that does not mean that everything is plain sailing. Mr. Gandhi has recently chosen to advocate the Cabinet Mission plan which a year ago he advised the Congress Working Committee to reject, invoking, as he did so, all the diverging interpretations which have provoked so much trouble. In a queer way the truth seems to be that Mr. Gandhi's subconscious is loath to see the British depart—at any rate, if they fail to ensure that Congress will be absolute masters when they go. His statement on Wednesday will therefore be read with relief; he declared his hope that in the long run India would re-unite, appealed to Mr. Jinnah to seek for a fair solution with the other parties, and advised his followers not to rebel against the Congress decision.

Mr. Jinnah is likely to accept what has been proffered him to the accompaniment of a sustained and public look in the gift horse's mouth, protesting vehemently that a truncated Pakistan will serve merely as a start for an intensive revisionist campaign to be launched when the British have gone. What will be likely to obtain his adherence is the fact that if this plan were not accepted, the British could have only one course left—to hand over to the Interim Government immediately and march out, in which case Mr. Jinnah would lose his advantageous position.

On the issue of Dominion status, too, there is a growing measure of agreement. Some of the most powerful Congress leaders see it as a way of tiding over the difficult law and order problems of the next few years. With Dominion status for India and Pakistan, it may yet be possible to maintain the unity of the Indian Army under a joint Staff for common defence. But even if this should not be so, Dominion status would be a reassurance for India trying to find her feet in the world at large if internal struggles are raging at home. And although doubtless Congress will shake off the title of Dominion as soon as she thinks it practicable, she may nevertheless desire ultimately a permanent association with the British Commonwealth. As for Mr. Jinnah, he has made no secret of his wish that Pakistan should be a Dominion, largely because of the protection that it would give him from the rest of India. If he is convinced that a Congress majority is also behind Dominion status, he may relax somewhat in his demands for the division of the Indian Army.

The British have done well to insist on speed in the carrying out of the proposals. The situation is getting far beyond our ability to control, and by June, 1948, if still in a position of authority in India, we would have become too involved to get out without harm to ourselves and more harm to India. The immediate setting-up of a dual government under the Viceroy as Governor-General will assist the process of departure and provide a valuable meeting-ground for the two new States, with British guidance in the initiatory period. In addition, it will enable the Princes to make their choice in good time and it may persuade them that their future lies with India or with Pakistan and not as independent States with the backing of British bayonets.

New Plan for Germany

The new plan for the administration of the fused British and American Zones of Germany provides for the setting up of a bi-zonal Economic Council, consisting of 54 members chosen by the governments of the six *Laender* in numbers proportionate to their population and with regard to the political complexion of each *Land*. Two questions arise. Does this amount to giving real responsibility for the conduct of economic affairs to Germans, and does the Council's charter give promise that it will work efficiently? The answer is in both cases doubtful. The Council can take no action without the approval of the British and American military governors, so that it will enjoy no real authority, even *de facto*. Furthermore, though an effort has been made to overcome the difficulty experienced in making the *Land* governments carry out the decisions of the bi-zonal German executive committees, the Council's charter still reflects American opposition to any idea of centralised power in Germany. Ordinances issued by the council must be "promptly implemented" by the *Laender*, but the Council is enjoined to make maximum use of the *Land* governments and to pay "due regard to the principle of decentralisation of administration." It remains to be seen whether these provisions may not perpetuate, at any rate in the American Zone, the excessive autonomy which the *Land* governments have claimed the right to exercise in the matter of food deliveries. If, but only if, the United States is prepared to pour money into Western Germany, the machinery now devised may work reasonably well; but Lord Pakenham's declaration that the Economic Council would spell a "new era" for the Western Zones seem a trifle optimistic.

American Defence Strategy

The Monroe Doctrine is not merely being extended in space—to include all freedom-loving people threatened with Communism—it is also being deepened in content in its original home of Latin America. President Truman proposes that all Latin-American countries shall standardise their armaments with the U.S. and that the U.S. alone shall supply arms to them. This incidentally deprives Britain of its most profitable arms market! At the same time it is hoped to persuade Canada to enter the Pan-American Union, for which she is formally not eligible as a monarchy with European ties. If American diplomacy succeeds at the forthcoming Rio de Janeiro conference, the dream of Manifest Destiny will be achieved, and the Stars and Stripes will in effect wave from Atlantic to Pacific and from the North Pole to Tierra del Fuego. But in an Atomic age such triumphs are not enough, and a civilian committee has just reported to the President that conscription as well as the further development of the Atomic Bomb is necessary to American safety. The Administration would undoubtedly like to bring back Conscription for at least the six months period proposed, but it is hard to believe Congress would vote for the hated "draft" in election year. Already Congress has cut the appropriations for the Services slightly, and it is apparent that the power of the State Department in international affairs depends largely on its ability to persuade an economy-minded Congress that they must face an urgent threat to American security.

Peace in the Far East

In his remarkable oration at Margate the Foreign Secretary created a welcome precedent by emphasising that the settlement in the Far East is as critical and important as the European. If we forget Asia, he warned the Conference, "war may spring up in an unexpected way." Korea he gave as an illustration of a danger spot where the occupying armies of Russia and America face each other along the 38th parallel. This dividing line, fixed originally by the General Staffs, has now hardened into a barrier as tense and as artificial as that which divides the Eastern and Western Zones of Germany. After a year's deadlock, the Russian and American Delegations are now meeting in South Korea to prepare a plan for the provisional Korean Government in fulfilment of the Moscow Agreement. Korea thus becomes a test case in that wide question of Soviet-American relations in Asia, which will be the background of the forthcoming Far East Peace Conference to settle peace terms for Japan. Mr. Hoover has now suggested that, with the Soviet Union in a recalcitrant mood, a separate Treaty should be made with Japan; and we are glad that Mr. Bevin made it clear at Margate that "Big Five" domination must be abandoned and that all the eleven countries which participated in the war against Japan must take part in the discussions. The place and date have not yet been fixed, but the Australians are anxious that they should be held in Canberra. General MacArthur has expressed his desire for an early meeting. Mr. Bevin might consider a second precedent as Foreign Secretary and visit Asia during his term of office. It would be a far-sighted gesture reflecting new relations between Europe and Asia. He would undoubtedly receive a warm welcome from such fellow Socialists as Pandit Nehru, General Aung San and Dr. Sjahrir.

Italy's New Government

Of the fifteen Ministers in Signor de Gasperi's new Cabinet, ten are Christian-Democrats; the remaining "Independents" include Count Sforza, who retains charge of foreign affairs, and Professor Einaudi, Governor of the Bank of Italy, for whom the new post of "Minister of the Budget" is being created, and on whose shoulders will fall the difficult task of steering Italy's economy through very troubled waters. Already the Communists and the Nenni Socialists have declared open war on the new Government, and there are reports of hostile demonstrations by organised labour in Milan and Turin. Signor Gasperi has announced that his policy will be reduction of State expenditure and the restriction of the note circulation to its present level; taxation is to be revised, and exports stimulated. On this basis he hopes to procure the promised dollar credits from the United States and also a loan from Argentina. The weakness of his position is that on a vote of confidence in the Chamber he can be overthrown if the Left-Centre groups—the Saragat Socialists and the Republican Actionists—make common cause on any issue with the two main Left parties. It seems probable, however, that in the short interval between now and the autumn general election the policy of the Left will be to give Signor de Gasperi rope, in order that, so they hope, he may hang himself.

The U.S. Labour Bill

President Truman has this week to make up his mind whether to veto or to let through the Tax and Labour Bills on which the two Houses of Congress have at length agreed. Acceptance of the Tax Bill, involving drastic cuts in public expenditure, would be plainly inconsistent with his Administration's commitments both at home and abroad, and in respect of both the good and the bad sides of its policy—aid to distressed countries and intensive armament against Communism on a world-wide scale. The Labour Bill has been shorn of many of its more outrageous features as a result of the joint conference of the two Houses; but it still undoes most of the "New Deal" Labour measures, and is designed to strike a heavy blow at the Trade Unions. Probably what Mr. Truman would like best would be to veto it and to have his veto overridden by a two-thirds majority; for he would thus escape the odium of accepting the Bill and make sure of Trade Union support at the next election with a view to its amendment or repeal. He cannot, however, feel quite sure that his veto would be overridden in the Senate—though most likely it would; and he may hesitate to use the veto in face of the present strength of anti-Labour feeling in his own party, as well as elsewhere. The renewed breakdown of Mr. Lewis's talks with the coal operators does not improve the situation. Mr. Lewis wants an advance of 35 cents an hour, whereas the operators will not go beyond 15 cents. If Mr. Truman accepts the Labour Bill, he will be armed with large powers against Mr. Lewis in the event of a strike. This consideration may turn the scale.

The Rate for the Job

There are persistent rumours that the Cabinet is very reluctant to act on the Labour Conference's overwhelming vote in favour of "the rate for the job." This reluctance is quite understandable at a time when there is an imperative need to avoid a general round of demands for higher wages, because of the sheer absence of goods on which they could be spent. It would no doubt be illogical if the concession of equal pay to women were to start off a series of quite unrelated claims for both sexes; but in the present situation, with wage-claims deliberately clamped down in order to prevent inflation, any upset to the existing wage structure might set things moving in ways that would be difficult to control. Nevertheless the Cabinet can hardly ignore the decision of the Party Conference. We are used enough to Conservative Governments ignoring Conservative Conferences; but the Labour Party has always set out to be a democratic party, deciding its policy according to the will of its members, and it would be most unfortunate if anything was done to challenge this tradition. The Government does not question the principle of "the rate for the job," but only the time for applying it; and the first difficulty is that its application would add greatly to the salary bill of both the Civil Service and Local Government, including the teaching profession. There are surely ways and means of easing the transition, by introducing the new system by instalments spread over a period of years. That would probably satisfy many of those who voted for the resolution at Margate, without straining either the Exchequer or the willingness of Trade Unionists to refrain from all-round wage demands.

A Wages Policy?

Meanwhile the repercussions of Mr. Horner's and Mr. Deakin's rival speeches at Margate are still being heard. Mr. Horner has been in effect reprimanded by his Executive for putting forward unauthorised claims at his Communist meeting arranged for delegates to the Labour Party Conference. His speech was indeed most unfortunate; for it had the appearance of staking out on behalf of the miners preferential claims—e.g., to exemption from income tax—which other Unions cannot be expected to accept however urgent the need for more miners may be. It might easily have prejudiced the miners' Conference resolution in favour of a selective wage-policy designed to improve the balance of labour between trade and trade; and it was doubtless the major cause of Mr. Deakin's outburst, which amounted to a denial of anybody's right to interfere with the freedom of any Union in putting forward any claims it pleased. Neither Mr. Horner's nor Mr. Deakin's attitude, we are sure, represents the main body of Trade Union opinion, which is swinging slowly and hesitantly round to the recognition that some sort of planned wage policy is the only effective way of getting labour better distributed without some form of direction or prohibition. The acceptance by the Labour Party Executive of the Mineworkers' resolution is a significant step in this direction: not that the Trade Unions are now ready to accept anything called a "national wages policy"—a phrase they dislike—but that they are getting nearer acceptance of its substance.

Mr. Truman on Art

People who begin "I know nothing about art" can be trusted to go on by proclaiming their dislikes in the most authoritative tones. So we guessed what was coming when we read President Truman's statement that he "does not pretend to be an artist or a judge of art." The works of Picasso, Matisse and Henry Moore, he pronounces, are the "vapourings of half-baked lazy people." (Let the President take a hammer and chisel and see how much merely physical labour is needed to cut stone figures as large as Moore's!) However, there are a great many American artists, the President cheerfully concludes, who "believe that ability to make things look as they are is the first requisite of a great artist—they do not belong to the so-called modern school." Whether Giotto and the sculptors of Chartres possessed this ability is a matter of opinion; it is certain that they did not exercise it. The White House, a trifle belatedly, is only repeating a doctrine widely propagated in the Third Reich. It has also, strangely enough, been expounded, from time to time by Soviet theorists of the stricter sort. How lucky if on this one point there is a measure of agreement between the two most powerful men in the world!

WE HAVE BEEN WARNED !

The primary purpose of Mr. Dalton's speech at Margate was no doubt to warn the British people, more sharply than they had been authoritatively warned before, of the real bleakness of the economic outlook as our dollar credits get used up at an increasing rate. His secondary purpose was no less certainly to warn the Americans that we cannot, on any account, afford to borrow from them again on terms as restrictive of our own economic freedom as those attached to the current loan, or, in borrowing more under conditions of sterling convertibility, in effect to become the guarantors of American loans to the other needy countries of the world. When Mr. Dalton says that Britain must not count on a further American loan, we take him as meaning that the problem the United States has to face can no longer be treated as solely or merely a British problem. It is essentially a world problem—that of America's balance of payments with the rest of the world as a whole.

Shortage of dollars, is, in effect, a worldwide difficulty, and will remain so for a considerable time to come unless the Americans take uncommercial steps to relieve it. Quite plainly, they are not prepared to go nearly far enough to remove the shortage by accepting additional imports ; and, in the short run, there would not be enough goods to send them even if they were. It is hardly less plain that the gap will not be bridged by commercial loans, even including loans placed through the new International Bank ; for commercial lending implies belief in the likelihood of being repaid, or at least of receiving interest punctually, and no such belief exists in the minds of American investors on anything near a sufficient scale. No doubt many American business men want to increase their exports, and would like to see other Americans lend foreigners the means of paying for them. But the United States needs more exports very much less than the foreigners need American goods ; and the goods which are needed most are not in general those which the Americans are most eager to export. Consequently, the scales are weighted heavily against the purchasers of dollar goods ; and the plain truth is that there is no prospect of the needy countries getting what they will need over the next few years unless the Americans are prepared, in practice, to give a good many of the goods away. This, however, means in effect making the American taxpayers shoulder the bill ; and United States public opinion is still an immense way off being prepared to accept any such solution.

Yet what, short of a new Lend-Lease as fictitious as the arrangement which the U.S.A. terminated so abruptly in 1945, can avail to save the existing system of international economic relations from sheer collapse ? Mr. Stassen, who sees the problem, is now advocating something in the nature of a Lend-Lease solution, but is attempting to make this more palatable to the Republican Party and to Americans generally by attaching a new condition—that the countries which seek aid from the United States shall forswear all further socialistic measures in order not to undermine American "confidence." If this was to be accepted, the United States would become the dictator of industrial, as it has already attempted to become the dictator of commercial and of monetary policy over a large part of the world—up to the frontiers of the Soviet Union and of such satellites as could not be detached from it. The British Labour Government would have to go, whatever might be the wishes of the electors ; and all Governments tainted with Socialist aspirations would have to be either liquidated or brought sharply to heel.

Of course, this is what may happen if the needy countries can find no other way of meeting their basic needs than by surrender to whatever the American Congress may choose to insist upon as its pound of flesh. It may happen ; but clearly the British Labour Government cannot mean it to happen, or contemplate it except in a spirit of suicidal despair. Enough has been given up to the Americans—or more than enough—in the monetary and commercial conditions attached to the existing Loan. A Labour Government can make no further concessions : indeed, when the Loan is used up, if not sooner, it will have to find ways of escaping from what the Americans regard as its existing commitments in the matter of sterling convertibility and of non-discriminative commercial policy.

This necessity, however, is still some distance, although not a long distance, ahead. What the British Government has to do now is, to decide whether it is worth while to stall off for a little longer the crisis which is bound to come when the Loan is used up, or whether it is better on balance to go on as we are going for the time being, in the hope that, when the crisis does come, for other countries as well as for Great Britain, the Americans will simply have to do something about it, if not in the debtors' interests, at any rate in their own.

It is not at all an easy choice. Great Britain cannot by any possibility so adjust its international accounts as to do without loaned or gift dollars, or even to slow down nationally the rate at which the Loan is being used up, without a severe cut in food imports. Throw out all luxury imports from "hard" currency areas : throw out all tobacco and all films : cut down imports of American machinery at the cost of slowing down seriously the programme of industrial reconstruction. All this, even if it could all be done, would not be nearly enough. Imports of raw materials, and of most semi-manufactures, simply cannot be cut without disastrous reactions on current production. There remains only food as the last resource—including of course food for Germany as well as for our own people. Or rather, only food remains unless we can cut our other serious commitments—in Palestine, for example, and further east ; and as long as Mr. Bevin can score points off Mr. Zilliacus instead of facing the real issues, there is not much hope in that direction.

But can we cut food imports ? The answer is that we can, and shall have to when the Loan runs out, unless something turns up. Cutting food would mean, in the main, cutting meat and bacon, dried eggs, dairy produce in general. It would not mean cutting wheat ; for wheat would be needed all the more as a cheaper substitute if we had to do without these other things. There would be a sharp and most unpopular fall in our standards of nutrition, and even more in the palatability of our diet ; and even if we resumed the fullest freedom to seek alternative sources of supply in countries prepared to receive our exports, there would be an exceedingly awkward interval before such supplies could become available in at all adequate quantities. Moreover, we should have to cut our consumption of other things besides food in order to find exports to pay for these alternative supplies in media which would induce the producing countries to let us have them. Their consumers and ours want the same kinds of manufactured goods : for example, in order to get food (or timber) from the Soviet Union we must export what the Soviet Union wants, and not what we can most easily spare. There is no "sellers' market" for us in building up alternative sources of necessary supply.

The main argument for making cuts now is that it is wisest to prepare the British public, by deed as well as word, for what is ahead of it unless the Americans radically change their policy within the next year or so. There is also the secondary argument that they are most likely to change their policy if they see us actually cutting our coat more in accordance with our dollar cloth. Sweden has shown that the American bark is worse than the American bite in face of such a policy ; but of course the Swedes are not tied down as we are by obligations to do as the Americans bid. Against these arguments there is the powerful counter-argument that it is politically out of the question to cut enough to make very much difference, and that inadequate cuts may, by postponing the crisis, postpone also the need for the Americans to face the implications of their condition positively. A further factor is that any severe cuts made at the expense of the British consumers might stir up an ugly agitation against sending British-bought supplies to Germany, and might, instead of helping, prejudice the prospects of getting the Americans to shoulder the dollar burden of the combined Western Zone.

To cut, or not to cut ? To cut will be intensely unpopular, if the cuts are to be on a significant scale. The gain to be got from cutting is no more than a brief respite, unless it does actually help to bring about a change in American policy. There is, however, the further consideration that it may be worth while to stall off the crisis, if we can, until after the American Presidential election, in the hope that it may be easier to get a change in American policy when the electioneering is out of the way. But can we do this ? Hardly, however we cut, unless food prices fall pretty sharply in the near future ; and they look a good deal less like doing so than they did only a little while ago.

The final answer seems to be that the gain from cutting drastically, except in a narrow field, is too problematical for it to be prudent for the Government to face the certain unpopularity involved. But this does not mean that the Government should do nothing. It should begin, here and now, to explore and to bargain for alternative supplies outside the dollar area. It should make plain at Geneva the practical limits to what it can do to meet the American interpretation of its commitments to avoid bilateral trade agreements. And it should, as a broad hint of what is coming, make *some* cuts in imports from the United States—but rather as a hint than as any sort of a remedy. Indeed, the plain fact is that, for some years at any rate, there is no remedy, unless the Americans are prepared to keep the war-shattered countries, including Great Britain, fed with dollar supplies for which there is no early prospect of the recipient being able to pay.

HUNGARIAN HEADACHE

Rumour and counter-rumour are always at war in Hungary. Budapest is a city of wagging tongues, and correspondents need never be at a loss for a story. Where lies the truth, however, in the medley of report that emerged from the Hungarian capital during the recent critical days—and where the significance? No more Ruritanian exit from the political scene than that of Premier Ferenc Nagy has occurred. Fifteen months a Prime Minister, he leaves his native and occupied country, with Russian permission, to spend a holiday in Switzerland. With him goes his wife and daughter. During his absence, the Russian Commander in Budapest, General Sveridov, releases to the Hungarian Cabinet, by accident or design, the long-awaited depositions of the former Secretary General of the Smallholders Party, Bela Kovacs, under Russian arrest since February last. Nagy, it is alleged, was deeply involved in the plot to overthrow the Republic. Father Balogh, his Cabinet Secretary and Kovacs' successor, telephones the news to his chief in Berne. "Return or resign" is the Cabinet diktat. Nagy holds vigil for twenty-four hours and hands in his cards—by telephone.

The plot thickens, however. The presence of the Prime Minister's daughter is explained by her marriage almost immediately after her father's resignation to another political exile—Salata—former Hungarian M.P., on the run, his whereabouts unknown, since the discovery of the conspiracy three months ago. This, indeed, in itself would have required some explaining away when father-in-law returned to his job in Hungary.

If it is true that "intrigue is brewed in the coffee pots of Budapest," it is equally true that Ferenc Nagy liked coffee and drank it black. When I last saw him in his Cabinet office in the Hungarian capital eight months ago, it was evident he knew he was living dangerously. His was no sinecure, captaining a Coalition Cabinet of wide political divergence from Left to Right, and leading a Smallholders Party of diverse elements from near-Communist to near-Fascist. He believed, so he said, in the continuance of coalition government, yet gave the impression there was no future in his job. He gave our Parliamentary Delegation a year ago to understand that his was a tight-rope act, easily unbalanced. Undoubtedly, he longed for the stability of one-party government and wished that he could use his majority for that purpose. But was he justified, if he knew of the plot, in allowing it to mature? He may say that "the plot as a plot was never mentioned in my presence," but can he have avoided knowing of it, if his confidant, Kovacs, and his future son-in-law are involved? And knowing of it, or at best suspecting it, what does a Prime Minister do?

When he came to London a year ago for pre-treaty talks, Nagy made a favourable impression in Downing Street, but went away empty-handed. When he visited Moscow a month before, he not only came away with a promise of Transylvania—barren, as it proved—but with a handsome Russian Packard, all chrome and bulge, as well. Stalin's approval had been marked by most extravagant generosity—the reward for good behaviour. The car—a nine days' wonder in the streets of Budapest—now follows its master into his lonely, one-tongued exile.

M. Gyongyossy, Foreign Minister in the Nagy Cabinet, though not mentioned in the Kovacs statement, has also resigned. Sole survivor in office of the first post-war Hungarian Government formed in December, 1944, at Debrecen, he has apparently exhausted his popularity. Eighteen months ago he was commonly referred to by the Right as a Russian stooge, holding, it was said, card number 5 in the Communist Party. After two months spent at the Paris Peace Conference, and a visit to London and Washington, it was said by the Left that he had become pro-Western in his views and not sufficiently fulsome in his speeches to the East. Generally, it had been expected months ago that he would not survive a Peace Treaty which failed to win for Hungary any recognition of her claims in Transylvania or Slovakia. His present decision, presumably taken under the pressure of events and public opinion, can, therefore, hardly be unwelcome to him.

Both M. Dinnyes and M. Kertesz, the newcomers to these two key posts, are moderate men, like their predecessors, with no noticeable Left-wing subservience. The former, even at 46, is a long-standing member of the Smallholders Party. Pale pink in his politics, he belongs to the Liberal wing of his party. He has none of the peasant shrewdness of Nagy, but sufficient character to be one of the few to vote against racialist legislation before the war. Kertesz is a fluent English-speaking Foreign Office diplomat, belonging, it is interesting to note, to no party. Highly informed in European politics, capable and cautious, he won his spurs in Paris as the principal expert of the Hungarian Peace team.

Istvan Balogh, a fat, jovial priest, the Premier's right-hand man, has also resigned his post as Cabinet Secretary. Balogh, one of the most interesting and intelligent men in Hungarian politics, and certainly not pro-Russian, was admitted on all sides to be "as cunning as a cartload of monkeys." It is difficult to see how he could survive such a violent political showdown as occurred last week—or, indeed, be unaware of the plot in the background. For that there was a plot is now no longer disputed. Indeed, for months before it was discovered, the Budapest air was thick with rumours of what would happen when the Russians withdrew. Enthusiasm was too evident on the Right and exaggeration on the Left. Had there been no plot, it might have been necessary to invent one in order to curb a restless and impatient people. Most politicians in Hungary were agreed that the Russian troops should withdraw gradually, as indeed they have been doing, in order to smooth the transition. For let it be appreciated, if there is pressure on the Left, there is reaction on the Right. Hungary, it is said, went more fascist than Germany. Certainly, under Horthy, it started earlier. Is it right to expect denazification to proceed more rapidly in Hungary than in the Allied Zones in Germany? Or to expect democracy to grow more quickly in a less congenial soil? The reactionaries of Hungary when they were not "fellow-travelling" in the Smallholders Party preferred underground methods and prepared for "the day."

The disturbing factor in the February purge was the Russian intervention. When deadlock had been reached by the parties on the question of Kovacs immunity from arrest, the Russians stepped in, even after Kovacs had voluntarily submitted himself to examination by the political police. Some, not Communists, argue that the Russian action prevented a political breakdown. His detention, however, without trial seems to follow the usual pattern and now the release of his evidence to the discomfiture of his leader evokes, not unnaturally, suspicion and doubt. What is needed to clear the air is an early publication of the Kovacs depositions and his trial in a Hungarian court.

Whatever Ministers may come and go in Hungary, it is a fundamental of present-day Hungarian politics that the Coalition should continue. Such is the policy of the two Vice-Premiers—Szakasits, the Social-Democrat leader, and Rakosi, the Communist leader—reiterated since the crisis. Such is the opinion of all astute politicians in Hungary. For no party in Hungary commands all sections of the workers. The Socialists and Communists hold the support of the industrial workers, with only a sprinkling of peasants. By far the majority of peasants and small farmers give their allegiance to the Smallholders Party, many to the National Peasants Party. A Smallholders Government, therefore, would be unrepresentative of all the people and could only maintain its position by force, perhaps imported, against industrial strikes and demonstrations. On the other hand, a Government by the Left-wing bloc or by the Communists would equally only be held by force, since electorally they hold no mandate, and unless there is a marked swing away from the Smallholders, or a ruthless revision of the electoral law, are unlikely in the prevailing circumstances to achieve it. A coalition of progressive parties, therefore, in the present reconstruction period is a Hungarian necessity. Each of the parties has recently produced a three-year economic plan and collaboration was well advanced towards a synthesis.

The basic Russian mistake in Hungary was the failure in the early Debrecen days to allow an opposition party. This would have attracted those elements now seeking an outlet in the Smallholders Party, and disruptive of both party and coalition policy. Their electoral chances would have been scanty since the new electoral law, enfranchising for the first time the workers, men and women over 20, would have weighted the ballot box in favour of the progressive parties.

In the present crisis new elections are again mentioned. At the earliest, however, these could not take place till after the harvest, and probably not before September. Meanwhile, the Smallholders Party will, no doubt, be under pressure to do another heresy hunt.

What seems certain is that in the next election, even without a revision of the electoral law, the Smallholders must lose ground. Sulyok will be presenting his opposition Szabadsag (Liberty) Party for popular approval for the first time and will undoubtedly take some support on the Right from the Smallholders. The Social Democrats have been actively organising the country districts and will take some votes in the towns, if not in the villages, from the Left of the Smallholders; probably from the Communists, too.

A revision of the franchise might hasten the process. The original electoral law of 1945 disfranchised only some 20,000, being those who had failed to pass justification tribunals on a charge of executive fascist activity during the war. The restriction might be widened to include the "B List"—those on whom a shadow of doubt remains, or still further to include former members of the wartime pro-German Gombos Party—"Nep."

This, it is estimated, might eliminate two to three hundred thousand political unreliables. There might be a demand that certain sections of the Nyilas who found their way into the Communist Party might be disfranchised, too. Even with such changes, given a free election and a sober atmosphere, it is difficult to see a Communist victory. At the furthest, any swing to the Left might carry the Social Democrats to victory. A coalition—that must undoubtedly continue even after a new election—under Socialist leadership, not subservient to the Communists, might give the necessary stability to Hungarian politics. But always provided there is no political pressure from East or West. The Russians may prepare in their own way to leave a "friendly" Hungary in the wake of their troops; the Americans might prefer to dollarize Hungary into a bulwark against Communism. Either way is far from being the aspirin for the Hungarian headache.

JOHN HAIRE, M.P.

A MARGATE DIARY

THIS year's Labour Party Conference settled one thing at least—if it needed settling. As long as he wants to do so, Ernest Bevin will control not merely foreign affairs but the Cabinet and the whole Labour Movement. His performance on Thursday surpassed even the speech at Brighton ten years ago, with which he brushed aside the amateur opposition of Stafford Cripps and the Socialist League and smashed George Lansbury at the height of his popularity. On that occasion Mr. Bevin was heard to remark "George has been asking for martyrdom for 50 years. All I did was set light to the faggots." At Margate, the Pacifist martyrs had been disposed of on Monday without his assistance. His task was to tie all his other critics together in an untidy bundle, labelled "stab in the back," and to push them over the white cliff of Party loyalty. He did so on Thursday afternoon with a terrific virtuosity.

* * *

No one should be under any illusion about the extent of Bevin's victory. Maybe the vote of the big trade unions had been fixed beforehand; maybe Standing Orders gave the Foreign Secretary an unfair advantage. But the fact remains that he carried the delegates with him in his demand that his policy should be condemned or accepted as a whole and in the implication which ran through his whole speech that criticism of it was an act of disloyalty. It was this implication which marked off Thursday from the other days of the Conference. Clem Attlee, Morrison, Dalton and Bevan treated the delegates as a Parliament of Labour, welcoming downright discussion and matching argument with argument. Ernest Bevin, true to the trade union practice, hammered his critics as though they were assailants seeking to capture power and turned against them the most powerful emotion which inspires the Labour Movement—working-class solidarity. There is no doubt that he succeeded in his main objective, to re-assert his personal ascendancy and to dispose of foreign rumours that his position was insecure. But it is almost certain that the Party will not for long accept the dangerous corollary that a loyal critic is a contradiction in terms. How often in the past has the Left been buried at Party Conference only to pop up again next year with renewed vigour?

* * *

The whole affair had one drawback: it prevented any serious discussion of foreign policy.

By an adroit decision of the Standing Orders Committee, the morning session consisted entirely of speeches by the movers, seconders, and supporters of no less than nine separate resolutions. The first—moved by Zilliacus—contained the only serious criticism of the Government's general policy, even if it was couched in the mildest phrases. Zilliacus made the mistake of listening to advice. He toned down his attack until it was completely flat. Then followed an interminable series of ten-minute and five-minute orations in support of the other resolutions, which anybody, who was not following closely, must have believed were part of a debate on Zilliacus' resolution. They were redeemed only by Maurice Rosetti's dignified plea for the Jews. The *Keep Left* M.P.s had decided that, since they stood somewhere between the Foreign Secretary and Zilliacus, they would not take part in the discussion on foreign policy, apart from supporting a resolution on the British Zone of Germany which Mr. Bevin rather surprisingly accepted. Their plan had been to concentrate on the problems of manpower and the size of the Armed Forces, since they felt that here they had something to say which would interest delegates unversed in foreign affairs. But they had reckoned without Mr. Bevin. He was in no mood to be deprived of the reparation owed him for the amendment to the King's Speech. If the movers of that amendment were not prepared to attack him at Margate, that was their affair. He was going to say what he thought of them. Completely outmanœuvred, they found themselves routed on the issue they had decided not to debate. A wholesome lesson that the tactics of the House of Commons and of the Conference must be learnt separately.

* * *

A victory of this sort, however spectacular, does not change the facts on which foreign policy must be based. Mr. Bevin is just as aware as his critics that our foreign commitments at present are far beyond our strength, and that our Armed Forces must be run down to 600,000 men by 1950. He knows that we must at all costs reduce as rapidly as possible our present unnatural economic dependence on America. He certainly accepts Dr. Dalton's view that we must act on the assumption that no further loan is forthcoming from the United States and he probably is fully aware that an appeal for austerity will be unavailing if the Cabinet cuts food imports but maintains a million men overseas. He walloped his critics, but he is still faced with the facts on which their criticisms were based. What he achieved at Margate was the enthusiastic endorsement of his view that we should go on behaving as one of the Big Three at least until the dollars run out; and that we should not prepare preventive measures to meet the crisis in advance but run slap into it and muddle our way through. We can do this either by obtaining another American loan or by forcing on the trade union leaders the drastic measures which will be necessary to avoid widespread unemployment in a period of acute dollar shortage or by a mixture of both.

* * *

Politically, in view of our national temperament, this may be a wise decision. The huge vote for equal pay—a really popular victory for the floor against the platform—showed clearly enough that the rank and file constituency delegate appreciates as little as the trade union leaders the nature of the crisis which confronts him. Despite or perhaps because of the "Work or Want" campaign, the Labour Movement still refuses to accept the idea that full employment is a mirage unless it is combined with an out-and-out Socialist wages and profits policy. Very soon the decision will have to be made between old-fashioned trade union principles and Socialist planning. True, in Wednesday's debate on manpower—one of the best Conference discussions I have ever heard—the Miners moved a resolution in favour of Government action to get men back to the basic industries; and they were supported by a few Socialist intellectuals who tried to push things a little further in a composite resolution. But the downright speeches of Mr. Deakin and Mr. Benstead showed that the big unions are still resolutely opposed either to preferential treatment for key industries short of labour or to negative direction away from socially useless occupations. So too Luke Fawcett speaking for the building trade operatives on Friday denounced incentives. He was rebuked with great spirit by Nye Bevan, who won a lot of applause for his courage. But neither the Minister of Health nor the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who replied to Thursday's debate, was willing to run the risk of splitting the Movement in order to take the necessary preventive measures while there is still time to take them. They must reckon, as Mr. Bevin certainly does, that the threat of unemployment when the dollars run out will be more efficacious in removing prejudice than a row just now.

* * *

The Conference broke up in a mood of genuine unity and good will. Unkind critics can call it ostrich unity. But the Conference had no time for Cassandras prophesying woe. Let us hope that their forecasts are unduly pessimistic and that a slump in American grain prices or a Red windfall of wheat may enable the Government to pull through the next few years without a breakdown. If the worst does happen, we can be sure, after this year's Conference, that the Party will stick together through thick and thin, and we can expect that its leaders will not hesitate to adopt the policies which they defeated by such overwhelming majorities last week.

* * *

A minor sensation at the Conference was the Executive's handling of the pamphlet *Cards on the Table*. Questions were asked early on in Monday's business; on the Wednesday night Hugh Dalton stated that it was not a policy statement but that the Executive had now approved it as part of a pamphlet series. This announcement came as something of a surprise. Every delegate had received a copy of *Cards on the Table* and most of them had assumed it was the official reply to *Keep Left*. But it now appears that it was written entirely by Dennis Healey, secretary of the International Section of Transport House, after discussions with Hector McNeill, and that it was read and authorised by Hugh Dalton. No other member either of the Government or of the Executive had seen it before publication. As a result of this extraordinary procedure we are still without any clear statement of the Labour Party's foreign policy. *Cards on the Table* is cogently written and does at least come down on one side of the fence. But apparently, when at last they did come to reading it at Margate, the Executive could not agree on everything in it. So that is that.

* * *

One thing which every delegate could agree on was the excellence of the hospitality provided by the Margate Corporation and hotel keepers. Cliftonville, where most people stayed, had plenty of fresh paint gleaming in the sunshine and seems to have been exceptionally lucky in obtaining building licences. In most of the hotels the food and the service were excellent and the official reception and dance was a slap-up show. Even more remarkable, the town was not overcrowded even at Whitsun. I hear that other seaside places were even emptier in spite of the weather. Does this mean that Service gratuities and war savings are at last drying up and that a buyers' strike is beginning here as in America? It looks like it and I suspect that another cause is the rise of the cost of living in the last six months. However, whatever the reason, delegates went away well satisfied with the municipal socialism of Margate's Tory Corporation, and the Corporation, if it is fair-minded, will blame the weather on the Labour Party.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

IDYLL

(*After Lord Tennyson*)

The Minister of Labour's eye,
For workers searching low and high,
Discovered an untapped supply
As pensively he ambled by
  Suburban Camelot;
There, like a picture in a frame,
He saw an able-bodied dame—
You probably have guessed her name,
  The Lady of Shalott.

She did not fashion boots and shoes,
Nor rake nor shovel did she use,
To nurse the sick she did not choose,
"For what," cried she, "have I to lose,
  Whether I work or not?"
One of the semi-leisured class,
She gazed into her looking-glass,
Whatever crisis came to pass,
  Outside remote Shalott.

The Minister beneath her tower,
Discerning so much woman-power
(At so much less than men per-hour)
Resolved to woo her from her bower,
  Like bold Sir Lancelot;
Her idle life he bade her leave,
To stitch and dig and wash and weave,
The labour shortage to retrieve,
  The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady found the knight a bore,
She'd heard his serenade before,
She'd been conscripted in the war,
And peace-time piecework brought no more,
  And jobs were not so hot—
She'd left the workshop and the loom,
She'd dropped the bucket and the broom,
She'd left employers plunged in gloom,
  The Lady of Shalott.

So now she slacketh merrily,
Well knowing what the pay will be,
She hath no care for industry,
And not one tinker's cuss gives she
  For bold Sir Lancelot;
Full little doth the lady reck
If Labour's knight receives a check—
"Fain," saith he, "would I wring her neck,
  The Lady of Shalott."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. H. Reeve.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Following a complaint by Chesham Council, Buckinghamshire County Council have made a by-law prohibiting the barking of dogs at night.—Report in *News Chronicle*.

Young lady wtd.; to be photographed in velvet; experience not essential; photograph appreciated.—Advt. in *London Weekly Advertiser*.

Barbara Audin, aged 19, of Vernon-way, Barnsley, has fought hard for pensions for spinsters at 55. As a result she is to become a bride.—Report in *Daily Mail*.

The 1947 debutantes have a very fixed code of behaviour which they have established themselves. "Most of them do useful work in the daytime." —Report in *Daily Mail*.

Give me a good depression. A. G. Street, speaking of the years of depression between the wars, says: "Hard these days were, worrying, risky, and dangerous—but more than balanced by the glorious liberty of action that accompanied them." —Article in *The Farmers Weekly*.

POLITICS AND POWER IN FRANCE

For nearly three years after the liberation of Paris, France was ruled by a series of unstable coalitions. In each of the many governmental crises, a compromise was reached. None of the three main parties was willing to surrender its share of office lest it concede an advantage to its rivals. All of them, similarly, refused to accept the responsibility for an open breach that might do serious damage to the somewhat flimsy structure of the Fourth Republic for whose creation they had agreed to co-operate. But in May that political honeymoon came to an end. The Communists continued to insist on early and liberal settlements in Madagascar and Indo-China. At the same time, responding to the impatient mood of the workers, they decided to endorse the widespread demand for an all-round wage increase. They charged their M.R.P. and Socialist colleagues with abandoning the unwritten agreement on these two issues upon which they had consented to enter the Ramadier Government. Faced with differences within his Cabinet which seemed impossible to reconcile—and with the prospect that the Communist deputies might continue to vote against measures taken by a government in which their leaders still participated—M. Ramadier screwed up his courage and, winning the consent of his party by the most narrow of majorities, chased out the Communist Ministers. Everyone had said it was impossible to govern France without the good will of the Communists and the six-million strong C.G.T. that they dominate. Very well. M. Ramadier would try, at least until July, when the Socialist Party Congress might issue a different mandate.

So far the experiment has lasted four weeks—longer than was first expected. If the Ramadier Government has not collapsed into impotent confusion, as the pessimists prophesied, it is due less to its capacity to control the situation than to the reluctance of the Communists to precipitate a major crisis. The French workers are in a militant temper. Last year, when they were awarded a wage advance of less than 10 per cent, a general revision of wage scales was promised for this June. Since then they have lifted French production to a third above 1938. They listened to the C.G.T. and Communist leaders who urged them to refrain from strikes, lest the output drive be hampered, and to accept the freezing of wages, lest inflation follow. But their wages are still inadequate to meet the high cost of living. Very little has been done to break the black market in foodstuffs, and there is an immediate danger of a bread famine. They have made a great effort in the factories and mines and feel, especially in view of the considerable profits now being made by French industrialists, that they have been denied their due reward. Nothing would have been more easy than for the Communists to capitalise this sense of dissatisfaction, and to direct it against the Government from which they were expelled.

At the moment, however, the Communist leaders have no desire to provoke an open conflict. During the last week leaders of both the Communist Party and of the C.G.T. have spoken to me of their anxiety to impose some sort of order and control upon the wave of sporadic token strikes. It is true that most have been sponsored by the unions concerned, but others have been spontaneous. I asked Dufriche, the lieutenant to the C.G.T. secretary, Benoit Frachon, if the unions intended to co-ordinate token strikes and ca' canny into a national campaign for wage increases, primarily in the form of production bonuses. "We have no choice," he said; "the workers are pushing us too hard. The movement would go on now, even if we set ourselves against it. We want to keep it within reasonable limits, but we must support it. In any case, we regard the demands as legitimate."

As soon as the Communist Ministers were deprived of their posts, it was inevitable that the fight for wage increases should be transferred from the Cabinet-room to the workshops. But where will it end? Though individual employers have already given way, M. Ramadier still insists that he cannot permit any general revision of minimum or bonus payments until the end of the year, since he has not yet exorcised the spectre of inflation. To show that he is a man of his word, he has used emergency powers to take over industries that are threatened with strike actions, and to enable him to mobilise or imprison workers who defy the regulations. This, clearly, will not make his Government more popular with the organised workers. They see in this but one more instance of the "slide to the Right" which occupies a leading place in Communist propaganda. Even the workers who remain loyal to the Socialist Party are worried about the course of events. "As long as the Communists were in the Government," a Socialist mechanic at the Renault works said to me, "there was at least a nominal Left majority. Now, for the first time, the Left has a minority in the Cabinet. You can see the result for yourself."

M. Ramadier has one strong card to play. He is well aware that the Communists do not wish to do anything that will seriously interrupt production or that will strengthen de Gaulle's sneering criticisms of the republican democracy of the Fourth Republic. It was this conviction that led him into the gamble of breaking with the Communists and the C.G.T. While the de Gaulle movement represents a contingent threat from the Right, it is quite impossible for the Communists to put too much pressure upon the moderates who hold the reins of government. Already, without securing the concessions they are demanding, they have begun to damp down the strikes—notably in the lighting utilities—wherever they threatened to press the Government too hard. The Communists, moreover, do not wish to make the breach between themselves and their former colleagues too wide. If they move too much to the Left, they might make it difficult to form a new Government in which they would once more participate. For, at the moment, they think they will be back in office—"but this time on our terms," Florimond Bonte said to me the other day—before the summer is out. They certainly do not discount a further coalition. As they believe that the majority, at least, of the M.R.P. is both democratic and genuinely opposed to the aspirations of de Gaulle, they now talk of a republican bloc against the challenge of the *Rassemblement du Peuple Francais*. Knowing this, for there is no secret about it, M. Ramadier believes he can weather the industrial storm. It is by no means certain that he will.

In terms of French politics alone, the crisis is not insoluble. But there is a real danger that the international conflict between America and the Soviet Union may sharpen the struggle between Left and Right inside France. De Gaulle, who believes war is not only possible but likely, wants France to be on what he thinks will be the winning side. Therefore, he naturally appears as the French spokesman of the Truman Doctrine. Since America also has the money and the food France requires at once, de Gaulle's advocacy of an alignment with the United States—repeated in his extraordinarily frank address to the first congress of the R.P.F. last week-end—finds a response in circles which view his domestic policy with suspicion. Even the venerable M. Blum has been writing articles in *Le Populaire* which defend the policy of the State Department.

On the other side, many people feel that the United States is posing a challenge to the industrial and political independence of France. M. Robert Schumann, who is one of the more moderate leaders of the M.R.P., recently published an article in *L'Aube* which, with some delicacy, pointed out the necessity of keeping France free from risky financial or political entanglements. It is not only the Communists who suspect the Americans of seeking to turn France into a "garden of flowers and beautiful buildings where smiling peasants touch their hats to American tourists," as one of the Communist Ministers who was expelled put it the other day.

The mystery of de Gaulle's fighting fund has not yet been cleared up: his closest advisers are still in touch with the U.S. Ambassador, Jefferson Caffery: though his movement is no longer growing rapidly, there have been some sinister revelations about hidden stocks of arms and about the way some of the leading figures in the R.P.F. used their official positions in the Free French administration to get rid of Resistance fighters whose politics might one day prove inconvenient to de Gaulle. The General seeks to stand above these sordid intrigues, but he must take his share of responsibility for them. The men concerned are sheltering behind his patriotic banner.

"De Gaulle played his cards too soon," said an English journalist to me just before I left Paris. "He should have waited until the Republic had run into a succession of crises. If he had not emerged so demonstratively, there would have been much less chance of the three democratic parties patching up their quarrels. But he believed that unless the Communists were driven from office, they would throw away the territories of the French Union and thus deprive Imperial France of a strong bargaining factor in world politics." All the same, his challenge cannot be ignored. He has explicitly attacked the democratic constitution and responsible party government, as well as Communism at home and Soviet Russia in international affairs. De Gaulle claims nearly a million organised supporters and, since there is no prospect of an early election, he must have organised them for extra-constitutional action.

Through this summer, the drama will be played out. Nobody can rest content with the present deadlock, yet nobody sees any obvious way of breaking it for the better. The Communists, who looked hopefully at signs that Mr. Bevin was inclined to be more conciliatory to Eastern Europe, are far more anxious to check the growth of the R.P.F. and of American influence in France than to press their own long-term or socialist programme. They claim recruiting figures show how much their popularity has increased since they were pushed from office, and that they are continuing to make headway among the peasants. They do not exclude closer ties between Britain and France as a means of frustrating American aims in Europe as a whole. The Socialists, whose leaders are quite absorbed in the burden of carrying administrative responsibilities, are willing to reach a settlement provided the Government does not have to make any major concessions. The M.R.P., equally involved in official duties, is ready in principle to do a deal with the Communists but its leaders do not see any practical issues on which agreement is possible.

Meanwhile, the crisis gathers momentum. M. Francisque Gay, the founder of the M.R.P., said to me the other day, "France always has crises which look like catastrophe, but always settles them on the spur of the moment." Will events this summer justify his optimism?

NORMAN MACKENZIE

GERMANY AFTER MOSCOW

The Foreign Secretary has made his report on the Moscow Conference, confirming what was already known about the unsuccessful negotiations. Attention must now be directed to the two problems of preparing for the London Conference and producing immediate alleviation of the food problem in the British Zone. Preparation for the London Conference must largely take the form of reviewing the arguments advanced at Moscow and deciding how far it is possible to produce a compromise on each issue. It is fairly clear that if agreement could be reached on the central issue of economic unity and reparations, the more detailed political problems would fall into place.

The only alternative to economic unity is the plan to make the British and American Zones self-sufficient. These Zones cannot feed themselves, and self-sufficiency can only be attained by a high level of exports. The programme laid down in connection with the Anglo-American fusion agreement envisaged the development of exports to a level as high as that of the whole of Germany in 1932. This is a difficult enough programme to achieve with an industry which has suffered so greatly from bombing and is to be further contracted under the Level of Industry Agreement. But the difficulties do not end with the production of the goods for export; they have also got to be sold. In contrast with 1932, the United States is to-day a great exporter; Britain is seeking to exceed her pre-war exports by 75 per cent., and the French have similar plans. Western Germany must, therefore, meet powerful competition from her own Occupying Powers and, in addition, face the loss of her own traditional market in Eastern Europe, since the basis of the whole plan is failure to reach agreement with Russia. Under these circumstances the chances of attaining the goal of a self-sufficient Western Germany are poor indeed.

Economic unity can only be won by mutual concessions. No progress will be made as long as Molotov expects Britain and America to accept the position that they should put money into Germany while Russia draws out reparations; nor will progress be made while Bevin and Marshall, in the words of *The Times* correspondent, "offer M. Molotov, in return for economic unity, and the remote possibility of reparations from the current production of a perhaps higher level of German industry, the opportunity of forgoing the handsome dividend now drawn from Eastern Germany and contributing a sum certainly not less than 100 million dollars a year to meet the German deficit."

An important first step towards economic unity would be taken if each of the Powers would publicly recognise that the others have each got a case which is perfectly legitimate in terms of the economy of that country. The Russians, who again have to face years of privation in order to build up their country from ruins, have an undeniable right to demand that Germany should help to alleviate their grim immediate need for consumer goods. The French have an only less urgent need for coal. The British claim is no less strong. Our whole economic revival depends on lightening the burden of foreign payments, and we cannot go on pouring precious dollars into Germany. We must have an assurance that in a reasonable space of time our outlay will result in Germany being able to stand on her own feet again.

The present insistence of each Foreign Minister and national press on the rectitude of their own case and the falsity of the others not only perpetuates the European deadlock, it also creates a situation in Germany in which it is reasonably certain that none of the Occupying Powers will in fact, attain their aims. Russia cannot long continue to drain reparations from the current production of her own Zone. The industrial deficiencies of that Zone do not make the absence of economic unity as rapidly felt as the food deficit of the British Zone, but they are bound to take their toll in time, particularly through a breakdown of transport for lack of repair. Nothing but a general economic revival, which only unity can secure, can bring France the coal she requires. Coal production in the West is to-day falling, and the attainment of a level at which the Anglo-French-American coal export agreement will come into force is steadily becoming more of a hazy aspiration. Finally, it is certain that the British Zone is even less self-supporting to-day than it was when the fusion agreement was made. Six months of an agreement designed to feed the Germans and relieve the British taxpayer have produced starvation in the Ruhr and doubled the burden on Britain.

Mutual recognition of the soundness of the economic arguments advanced and of the real national needs behind them would be one step towards securing agreement on the all-important establishment of the machinery of economic unity. Once this machinery is established it will be realistic to discuss priorities in the use of Germany's resources. Until then the Allied Powers are frustrating their own ends. It is clear, however, that other concessions will be needed from the West if Russia is to agree to economic unity except on her own terms.

A concession which would cost nothing is the abandonment of the idea of revising the German-Polish frontier. It is perfectly true that the grant of these territories to Poland at Potsdam was only provisional, but its temporary nature was completely undermined by permitting the expulsion of the German population. To-day a revision of the frontier would involve the expulsion of millions of Polish settlers and the return of the expelled Germans. It must be clear that nothing but force would induce the Poles to accept such a situation. In the meantime the reiteration by British and American spokesmen of the desire for revision stimulates the already prevailing nationalism in Germany. One cannot expect the Germans to accept willingly the Oder-Neisse frontier, which is an important cause of their hunger to-day. But there is no chance at all of their accepting it as long as the Western Allies regard it as an open question. To-day every German party—not excluding the Communists—has to demand revision. In the long run, this can only aid the Right, who can always outbid the Left in nationalist demands as they did in demanding the revision of the Treaty of Versailles. To-day the clamour for revision gets a powerful stimulus from the belief that war-time alignments are already forgotten, and that Germany has the support of Britain and the U.S.A. in her frontier demands.

The other point on which it should be possible to find agreement is that of the Ruhr. Bevin could not avoid taking the stand he did that "it would be wrong to put the Ruhr under this (international) control at a time when other parts of Germany are treated as close preserves." At the same time it is idle fo deny that the industry of the Ruhr does present special problems additional to those which affect German industry as a whole. To the French as well as the Russian there is a special and dangerous significance in this vast agglomeration of heavy industry with its potential military significance. International control of the industry of this area is an important aim of both France and Russia. The British Government should make it clear that within a united Germany they would be willing to see a special regime set up, not for the political control of the Ruhr, but for the specific purpose of exercising continuing supervision, even after general occupation and control have ceased, to ensure that no warlike use is made of the area.

While the world waits for the London Conference Britain is left with the problem of trying to keep the British Zone alive and to decrease the financial burden. No economic revival is possible without enormously increased production, particularly of coal; and the coal production figures show clearly how quickly every food crisis makes itself felt in this field. Some stable solution of the food problem must be found. The British authorities in Germany and the Communists everywhere have united in putting the chief blame on the German administration. That administration is—as the Communists say—reactionary and—as the British say—inefficient. But if every ton of food available were collected and distributed, it would not be possible to distribute a ration of more than 1,000 calories a day. Two problems must be solved and both solutions lie in American hands.

Germany's own contribution to feeding herself can only be maximised if the central economic agencies have power to enforce their decisions on the individual states. This is at present prevented by Gen. Clay's devotion to decentralisation and his hatred of planning. Full rations can only be guaranteed if America sends, as she promised to send under the fusion agreement, sufficient food, not only to live from hand to mouth, but also to build up stocks for the winter. It is clear that deliveries have consistently fallen short of requirements and have varied greatly from month to month. The official reason given is lack of transport, which makes it appear strange that the food can be rushed to Germany when the crisis becomes more than normally scandalous.

Is Britain helpless to secure effective American action? This should not be the case. For once we are paying the piper. At present we are bearing not only half the cost but the whole cost of the Joint Zone. In addition to that, we control the coal of the Ruhr, which is just as important to the American Zone as American food is to the British Zone. There is little doubt that if we were dealing with the Russians we should withhold coal ton for ton as food deliveries fell short of promises. Finally, we should make it clear that if the present position continues there is always the possibility of our withdrawal from Germany. It would be a desperate last resort to withdraw our influence from the settlement of Germany, but we cannot afford to fail both in securing economic unity and in making Anglo-American fusion work. Last month the export programme on which self-sufficiency depends was only 45 per cent fulfilled. That means millions more than the budgeted cost to the British taxpayer. It would be far better to withdraw altogether than to make the shameful bargain which is being suggested in certain circles, namely, that America bears all the cost in return for the abandonment of the policy of socialising key industries. For the Labour Movement at least the justification for our heavy expenditure abroad is the maintenance of our Social-democratic viewpoint in the settlement of world affairs. If we are going to abdicate our political influence, let us at least save money and men by withdrawing our Army.

ASHLEY BRAMALL

HEAT ON THE AIR

THE Press Conference, presided over with such aplomb by Sir Osbert Sitwell and his sumptuous buttonhole which never blenched in the heat wave in the enormous room at the Waldorf, was a placid affair. To one occasionally admitted to wartime Press Conferences, with prime donne on both sides of the platform, it seemed possibly verging upon the flaccid. It was not lacking in distinction, however, for Messrs. J. B. Priestley, J. L. Hodson, Herbert Read, Ian Hay, Hilary Saunders and E. P. Smith, M.P. (Edward Percy, the playwright) were among those accompanying Miss Rosamond Lehmann upon the platform. Then words such as "strike" and "blackleg" floated upon the opulent air, and were duly noted down. Priestley reduced a long history of complicated issues in cogent and stimulating English. The Chairman spoke home-truths with such distinction that they had the unsettling effect of delayed-action bombs.

What was it all about? Most people came across it in the next day's newspapers as a hint that British authors might strike against Britain's chief Aunt Sally, the B.B.C. The Conference was the result of several years' relentless and patient negotiation by Denys Kilham Roberts, Secretary-General of the Society of Authors, to get a fair deal for writers of broadcasting material. The chief complaints of the Society, whose membership to-day includes practically all the active writers in the country, are of the poverty of the fees paid, of the unreasonably wide rights claimed by the B.B.C. and of the high-handedness of the B.B.C.'s contract and fee-paying departments in their negotiations with authors. There is an abundance of examples, among them the case of an author who was offered £5 5s for world broadcasting rights in a specially-written 2,000-word story. There was no additional fee other than £1 12s. 9d. expenses allowance, for rehearsing and delivering the story, and a further £1 1s. if the B.B.C. exercised its option to publish.

Many known authors have substantiated the general complaint with personal experience. Mr. V. S. Pritchett, for example, in a statement issued by the

Society, underlined the cut prices paid by *The Listener* (who pay as a fee for reproduction one-fifth of the original broadcast fee, i.e., for a 2,000-word script for which the author receives fifteen guineas as a broadcast, *The Listener* pays three guineas for a printed reproduction). Pritchett says: "The fees paid for the republication of broadcasts in *The Listener* are really disgraceful. This paper is able, because of the B.B.C. copyright system, to appear every week, at about a tenth of the cost which would be incurred by an ordinary weekly publication for its material."

The hand-outs to the press at the Conference included messages of indignation from John Masefield: ". . . the Society has been at frequent variance with the B.B.C. for meanness over fees paid, for avarice over rights demanded, and for dictation in negotiation." Storm Jameson: "So long as some writers of sufficient standing are willing to submit to being bullied and underpaid by the B.B.C., the B.B.C. will find that bullying pays." James Bridie: "The fees they pay are quite arbitrary and have no relation at all to the literary market for high-grade work." J. L. Hodson: "The divorce that exists between the B.B.C. producers who invite us to work but cannot discuss terms, and the B.B.C. finance department which fixes those terms is often so complete that the work is sometimes finished before terms are fixed." H. J. Massingham: "The B.B.C. is obviously not concerned as an employer with encouraging independence in its author-speakers, or it would offer them more reasonable terms." Herbert Read: "Whenever the writer has to work jointly with other artists in a commercial undertaking, the inferiority of his status is at once made apparent in cash values. The actor, the orchestral player, the film or play producer, the comedian, even the journalist—all are given terms which the poet, the critic or the novelist can only envy."

Such was the substance of the story emanating from the Waldorf. It was nearly killed by the B.B.C. (whose news sense after many years of propaganda warfare is much sharpened) making a vague conciliatory statement, quoted in *The Times* as "Higher terms are to be offered for plays and literary material." It looked as if the Aunt had placed her ear trumpet to the ground and found it expedient to make a few genteel concessions. The writers' wrath and to some extent the good cause of the Authors' Society Press Conference was cunningly assuaged in the headlines: and you might think that the vulgar matter of people receiving money for the broadcast word had been settled with Aunty's usual tact.

Nevertheless, the relationships of writers who contribute to the seductive medium of Radio cannot be now dismissed in a competent press communiqué. Radio is one of the most potent forces in our so-called civilisation. During this war it made the press look funny over "hard news." As an organ of opinion, it will never supplant the written word, but it constantly needs the services of the writer of words, for it is only the competent writer who can furnish the medium of radio with conviction and sensibility. Specialised writing is the very substance of Radio. To the writer, Radio is a useful tool, or a new dimension. Association of the craft and the medium is indissoluble: and the writer shares with the musician the great responsibility of intrusion by radio into the homes of the world.

How is the writer treated by those who administer Radio, this B.B.C. monopoly which is the most efficient, trustworthy and artistically well-integrated broadcasting organ in the world? The Waldorf Hotel Press Conference assembled to tell the world that the treatment is not good enough and since that meeting and the B.B.C.'s promises of fresh terms, Kilham Roberts has made a further statement to the press: "We cannot accept the new standard rates as a settlement. We are prepared to accept them merely as a basis for the negotiation of a new minimum terms agreement."

Most British writers sooner or later contribute in some way to the B.B.C. They generally agree that they encounter charm and courtesy among people who deal with the microphone. They encounter rather grim aunt-like characteristics from the people who administer the policy and fix the cash.

There is always the implication that they are most fortunate to have their work broadcast. There is the old aunt-like fancy that the broadcast is a good shop-window, often the coy suggestion handed down from Savoy Hill days that it is all very good fun. All such hints of favours should be discarded, though there may still be a modicum of truth in them. A man would hardly be human and an author really super-human, who did not feel a pleasant titillation of his vanity in having his words upon the air.

There is one other significant factor in this controversy and that is its bearing upon the relationship between the Arts and the State. The State is in a big way of business in Radio. The B.B.C. scope has increased enormously during the last ten years and it is now the biggest single buyer of British writing. It is too much to expect that all writers will ever be satisfied with a precise scale of set charges, but there must be a recognised stability in the market. The Authors' Society quite rightly not only demand fair fees but fees which do not include publication in B.B.C. journals at cut prices. They demand to enjoy free negotiation with the B.B.C. instead of being required to submit to B.B.C. dictation. It is essential that an enlightened State shall set out to use the vast powers of patronage in an orderly and responsible manner.

Now is the time for writers whose work involves them in this State enterprise to organise themselves. The Press Conference at the Waldorf brings this very important aspect of letters into the open. If it has done nothing else, it has shown at least that the issue is not one of a handful of malcontents striving for gain, but a far wider one of a branch of the Arts setting up proper relations with a formidable and curiously inconsistent State monopoly. Priestley and others at the Conference made it plain that they are joining battle as a corporate body, not on behalf of individuals only but for the benefit of the many young writers whose work is used for Radio and who are not yet themselves in a position to cheek Aunty.

JOHN PUDNEY

The Arts and Entertainment

OPERA AND CONCERT

Turandot. Covent Garden has not stinted itself on this, the most spectacular opera of our time. Leslie Hurry provides a decor as lavish as goggling eye could demand, though far from happy in many points of colour and ornament. For some twenty years Eva Turner has been the best Turandot in the world, and there are still moments, notably in the last act, which recall the old magnificence; elsewhere (at any rate on the first night) the sense of strain was too pronounced and too continuous for comfort. The surprise of the evening was the Unknown Prince of a tenor to me equally unknown: Walter Midgley not only looked and acted well, but filled the house with a sizeable body of tone, something less than thrilling, but invariably musical, level and well phrased. The big Mussorgskian choruses of the first act were splendidly resonant, but need more precision and attack. Instruction should also be given to both chorus and minor soloists in the matter of *legato* singing: our opera singers rarely have an instinctive feeling for the massive curves and the sheer *weight* of Italian *cantilena*, and the process of translation into English is apt to encourage our national tendency towards lightening, so to speak, the specific gravity of the big phrases. Thus, Vera Terry, whose voice contains some pretty notes, would make twice the effect with Liu's music if she could be persuaded to think of the vocal line, not as a series of notes dropped into the void, but (if a homely simile may be forgiven) as toothpaste squeezed out of a tube. On the other hand I don't see what is to be done about the Trio of Ministers short of a complete change of Cabinet: much of what they give us can be called singing only in a Pickwickian sense, and the exquisitely nostalgic section in which they dream of the peace of their distant country estates went for next to nothing, in spite of Constant Lambert's sensitive orchestral accompaniment.

Don Giovanni. A most creditable production by the Guildhall School of Music, under the direction of its Principal, Edric Cundell, revealed much of the essential quality of a masterpiece which has become sadly unfamiliar to Londoners. The Statue's arrival in the final scene, its great elongated shadow projected along a shaft of moonlight, was uncommonly effective. There were alternative casts: on the first night, the most accomplished singing came from Richard Standen's Leporello; and the Donna Elvira of Nellie Bale, though unequal, was extremely vigorous and interesting. The orchestra played as though they enjoyed and meant every note.

Beecham Mozart Concerts. It must be quite ten years since Mozart's great unfinished *C minor Mass* was last given in London, so that its richness and power will have surprised many listeners at Drury Lane last Sunday. Such a movement as the *Qui tollis* for double chorus is worthy of any company; and the majority of the weaker pieces are editorial insertions from earlier works. But disapproval of the florid writing for the two solo sopranos is surely pedantic: he must be a block who can resist the divine happiness of the *Laudamus te* (divinely chirped, too, by Margaret Ritchie), or the intense contemplative beauty of the *Et incarnatus est* (a number to which Olive Groves was frankly unequal). It is beside the point to dismiss such heavenly strains as "operatic," or to suppose that *fioriture* in Mozart always imply frivolity. The Alexandra Choir were so placed that their work was quite ineffective; in any case, they seemed to be wilting in the heat. So, doubtless, were the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, in spite of which they gave us a superlative performance of the *Jupiter* Symphony, marred only by the absurd behaviour of Sir Thomas Beecham in the finale. He is the best Mozart conductor on earth; but the intrusion into a single movement of six hearty towpath shouts is a nuisance which no one has the right to inflict upon any audience, however docile.

Felix Salmond—This fine cellist made a welcome reappearance last Monday, when he played all five of Beethoven's Cello Sonatas with Franz Osborn. The evening did not seem long, the works themselves being glorious specimens of all three periods, and the players as sensitive to the lyrically expansive mood of the early pair as to the classic repose of the *A major* and the deep and concentrated thought of the Op. 102. Since Mr. Salmond was the soloist of the first performance of Elgar's Cello Concerto, I hope we shall be allowed to hear him once again in this work, to which his pure and distinguished style is ideally suited.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE LONDON GROUP

I am told on good authority that dear old ladies in our remoter rectories still sometimes proclaim with pride, "My nephew Edward has a picture in this year's Royal Academy!" The less unsophisticated say instead, "in the London Group." For the London Group Exhibition in Suffolk Street is, on a smaller scale, very much what the Royal Academy exhibition ought to be. It offers a fairly representative view of current English painting and sculpture (unfortunately, no architecture). It has admitted no illiterate works; on the other hand, it has few so experimental as to surprise or to disquiet. The list of members includes—despite a few regrettable absences—most of the painters who would be R.A.s and A.R.A.s, if the Academy had not abandoned the principles governing its foundation. It is noticeable even that the Academy, suddenly revealing the snake-like wisdom recommended in the Gospel, has managed to coax half a dozen of the London Groupers into becoming Associates. One may be reminded of a quixotic great lady who has been invited to attend a dinner-party in the *demi-monde*: she accepts, hoping to reduce her fellow-guests into the paths of virtue; she succeeds only in making them feel their reputation is better than they feared.

There is no need for me to praise the many pictures by distinguished artists in the London Group show. It contains particularly good work by Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Mary Potter, Ruskin Spear and Lynton Lamb. (Mr. Pasmore, though he cannot paint badly, has sent pictures that fail to show him anywhere near his best.) Marek Zulawski's *Black Bottle* would be my pick out of the whole show; and do not fail to notice *Three Girls and a Swan*, by T. Potworowski and André Masson's *Bull*. I was glad to see, as I too seldom can, works by Nina Hamnett, A. H. Hudson, Eleanor Bellingham-Smith, Edna Ginesi and Allan Walton. Interesting works also by Nan Reid, Denis Mathews, Gertrude Hermes, Wendy Pasmore (No. 148) and Elsie Few (lithographs). Of artists unfamiliar to me much the most remarkable is Francis Holterman, whose gifts strike me as outstanding. Then there are pleasant contributions from J. Stoll, D. B. Oaten, Prunella Clough and John Hill. The sculpture of L. Peri, Karin Jonzen and George Ehrlich commands respect. I have not mentioned work by several of the artists I most admire.

ROGER MARVELL

RADIO NOTES

RADIO personalities rained upon us last week. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, portraying Samuel Butler, harped on the kindliness and truthfulness of his old friend, rather than on his scepticism or his emotional timidity. One felt that Mr. MacCarthy had not quite forgotten Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's assault on Butler and was anxious to vindicate him once again. In any case, the portrait was a brilliant piece of apparently casual description, achieving by art the vivid felicities of impromptu. Mr. Harold Nicolson had no similar axe to grind in his account of Fletcher, Byron's valet. The story of this dunderhead, whose only virtue was fidelity, is inevitably a sad one: missed opportunities are among the most enraging failures within the scope of human personality, and they are writ large over Fletcher's fate. It is difficult to be adequately sorry for anyone who is stupid on this scale. Mr. Nicolson's whole delivery implied, with dry precision, the inexorable verdict of Intelligence on the futility of thoughless emotion. The fidelity remains—the decent human feeling, which Fletcher showed conspicuously on several occasions—to torment the Spirit of Irony with a sense of guilt.

Lord Russell, reviewing what sounds like a very salutary book by Mr. Rupert Crawshay-Williams, necessarily employed a more direct method than either of the speakers I have mentioned. His theme—the insanity of judging any question whatsoever on insufficient evidence—was stated with such devastating, Bach-like lucidity that any writer who listened to him must have felt like laying down his pen for ever. In the presence of Lord Russell one feels a mere Fletcher; at the same time uttering the faint protest that man cannot live by syllogisms, and that qualities such as loving-kindness and self-abnegation and heroism (qualities admired by Lord Russell) cannot be deduced from purely rational considerations. Surely it is of advantage that language should be used in more than one way. I dare say neither Lord Russell nor the author of the book he was reviewing would condemn, say, Wordsworth's use of language in *The Prelude;* yet it is extremely improbable that anyone who wrote like Wordsworth would, or could, at the same time hold rationalist views.

These three broadcasts were admirable examples of radio monologue—the kind of thing that is better heard than read. Not lectures, but *causeries*. Wanted: a radio Sainte-Beuve, to give "Monday Talks." He would be given the utmost latitude in choice of subject, from politics to shove-halfpenny; and to some of the qualities of the above speakers he should add the kind of off-handedness that made the late A. J. Allen so delightful to listen to. Which reminds me that it is time we had another repeat from that inimitable broadcaster's recorded repertoire.

I hear sinister rumours that *Editorial Opinion* may soon be discontinued. This would be a great pity, for in this series the B.B.C. seems to me to have gone a long way towards solving the problem of radio symposium. Give the speakers a list of the subjects that are to come up, allow them an hour or so in which to jot down a few notes, then give each a definite time for stating his case, and fade up the mike. Of course, a single dull or halting speaker may, on such an occasion, ruin the whole show; but given a team of averagely fluent broadcasters, the result can hardly fail to be more lively, more completely representative of the points of view involved, and withal more "natural," than the padded improvisations of the Brains Trust, or the unreal conversation that makes fully scripted discussions sound so implausible. As usual, the middle course has proved the best.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Boule de Suif," at the Curzon
"The Yearling," at the Empire
"Dear Murderer," at the Odeon, Marble Arch
"Stallion Road," at Warner's

Boule de Suif, or How to Make a Hash of It. First take a famous story, because it is a famous story and for no other reason. Read it. Observe that it can't be improved on, and then proceed to tear to shreds, and water well. "Boule de Suif" herself (or Pudding-Face) was a fat whore who had scruples about giving herself to a Prussian officer in 1870. That, of course, won't do. In the first place, she mustn't appetisingly glisten (tastes are not what they were), and in the second here is Mlle. Micheline Presle, with all the charms of a virgin of good family—obviously the very actress for the part. So "Boule de Suif" becomes "Tarte Maison" or what you will. Then, 1870—that's a long time ago, and no one will notice if the Resistance movement is antedated by 70 years or so. Tarte Maison, then, is a Resistance heroine, and on the opposing side Maupassant's Prussians show themselves as far too human: make them the usual caricatured Nazis. Now we are getting somewhere. Plenty of atrocities, glass-smashing toasts in country houses, an heroic village priest, satire of collaboration, a jaunty theme tune, the countryside (that might be anywhere), the costumes and false heartiness that go with any period more than twenty years old—and what else? Oh, a hero: Maupassant's tippling radical transformed into a bohemian Resistance man. Everything is set now (with the jaunty theme tune that will jingle *ad nauseam*) for that famous coachful to bowl off along the highway and to uphold the decencies in delicate circumstances. This it achieves with a mixture of farce and melodrama that effectively insults the original.

Boule de Suif, in fact, has been made in France exactly as, given the material and the actors, Hollywood would have liked to make it. The producer is M. Christian-Jacque, whose vulgarising touch we have already experienced in the Berlioz film, *Symphonie Fantastique*, and who seems to be the leader of bad transatlantic fashions in the French cinema. Anything more un-French than this sad, slick rubbish it would be difficult to imagine.

The Yearling is a long sentimental piece about a boy beginning to grow up and a fawn—both (and particularly the latter) charming. But the film itself offers a mass of contradictions. The Technicolor, the animals and the choir-infested bush try to rival Disney; the story of poor whites and spoilt crops feebly echoes *The Southerner;* and the acting (of the trance school) is disconcertingly partnered by dialect of "he done come home, ma" and "powerful fine, mighty good" variety. Yet for those who don't mind where they wallow this is a not unlikeable film with, moments of freshness and a bear-hunt that is exciting.

Dear Murderer has an ingenious plot, and Eric Portman in one of his sinister gentlemanly roles, and not a great deal else. Jack Warner as a detective-inspector adds touches of conviction to a film that remains stagey but moderately gripping.

After *Duel in the Sun* I suppose *Stallion Road* was inevitable, and it will be followed by *Bullfrog Alley*, *The Biter Bit*, *Tupman's Green*, *Death in the Early Morning*, *Beastly Encounter*, *Forever Technicolor*, and *They Didn't Mind What They Did*. As a matter of fact, in *Stallion Road* nature has proved rather tame and the love-play inconspicuous.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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BALLET

ANDRE HOWARD'S Ballet *Lady into Fox* was at once hailed as a masterpiece ot choreography, and the announcement of a new ballet by her on a novel of David Garnett aroused our eager curiosity. *The Sailor's Return* may seem to present fewer difficulties to the choreographer, but I doubt if this was really the case. It is a remarkable achievement, if not on the imaginative plane of *Lady into Fox*, and has provided Sally Gilmour with another opportunity of showing her wonderful power of imaginative identification with the part she is playing: that of the negro princess of Dahomey whom the sailor William Targett brings home as his wife. She dances it with the utmost vivacity, humour and grace, and in the last scene, when she burns her cherished finery after the death of the sailor, with a deeply moving naive tragedy. The ballet is a long one, in two acts. The prologue showing the sailor's wedding in Dahomey might well have been omitted; European imitations of African ceremonies are more suited to a revue. The choreographer has condensed the episodes of the novel successfully and must be congratulated on her decor and costumes. All the dancing is good, but one must specially mention Walter Gore as the sailor, Frank Staff as his brother Harry and John Gilpin as Charlie Nye, the rabbit catcher, a part created for him by Andrée Howard. Arthur Oldham, who composed the music, has served the choreographer very faithfully. Would that one could say the same of him as a conductor of ballet.

BERYL DE ZOETE

THE FOOTSTEPS

(From Paul Valéry)

BORN of my voiceless time, your steps
Slowly, ecstatically advance:
Towards my expectation's bed
They move in a hushed, ice-clear trance.

Pure being, shadow-shape divine—
Your step, deliberate, how sweet:
God! Every gift I have imagined
Comes to me on those naked feet.

If so it be your offered mouth
Is shaped already to appease
That which occupied my thought
With the live substance of a kiss.

Oh hasten not this loving act,
Rapture where self and not-self meet:
My life has been the awaiting you,
Your footfall was my own heart's beat.

C. DAY LEWIS

Correspondence

BRITAIN'S IRISH LARDER

SIR,—In 1930 we in Eire produced 1,394,000 tons of cereal equivalent and imported 457,000 tons. In that year of low prices we exported agricultural (mainly animal) products to the value of £31,935,000. In 1943 we had available from domestic sources 1,666,000 tons of cereal equivalent and 385 tons from external sources. In that year of prices about twice as high as in 1930 we exported agricultural (mainly animal) products to the value of £19,173,000. Of course, the U.K. was practically the only export market in both years. Exports on the 1930 scale, *if now possible*, would be worth £60 millions. The question for the U.K. is how many dollars would it take to enable us to buy 400,000 tons of feeding stuffs, and how many dollars would the U.K. save if her imports from Eire (at present prices) could increase by £40 millions.

Incidentally, of every 125 units of food produced in Eire 100 are consumed at home and 25 exported. A 20 per cent. increase in production would cause a 100 per cent. increase in exports—a 50 per cent. increase would nearly quadruple our exports. The principal factors now limiting production are scarcity of phosphates (now being relieved) and scarcity of "culm" for burning lime—an imported fuel of British coal origin. We used to import about 20,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia. In 1946 we got only 4,021 tons. Here, as elsewhere, Irish agricultural productivity is interdependent with British industrial production and export capacity.

In this, as in other matters, the good neighbour policy is the most practical way of dealing with problems which, from a purely national point of view, seem intractable.

JOSEPH JOHNSTON

Trinity College,
Dublin.

SIR,—It is a rare experience for an Irishman to read as well balanced and well informed an appraisement of the contribution which Irish agriculture could make in supplying Britain's needs as that by Professor G. D. H. Cole in your issue of May 24th.

So many fantastic things have been said about us from time to time by your British publicists, that, when some practical person like Mr. Cole sheds light where all around is darkness and confusion we rub our eyes and ask ourselves: "Can this be really true?"

Neither prejudices nor vested interests should be permitted to withhold from British consumers the greatly increased quantities of food which a fully developed Irish agriculture could supply.

Our cattle stocks, which to-day are approximately 4 million, could, according to some of our foremost authorities, be doubled. This would not alone mean an immense increase in meat production but in milk butter, cheese and bacon as well.

If the British people want these commodities, they can have them. They can only be procured, however, on the basis of a long-term plan which will secure for our Irish farmers fair and stable prices.

Payment would naturally have to be made in the form of capital goods and consumer's goods also in so far as these were necessary to our economy. I am glad Mr. Cole brought that point out.

Possibly his visit enabled him to sense the fact that paper £'s which can no longer command goods or services on being presented are no longer the magnet they used to be.

Let him persevere in his task. He will find many allies amongst us.

PATRICK F. BAXTER

Leinster House,
Dublin.

EXPANSIONIST POWERS

SIR,—In a recent broadcast of "Editorial Opinion" Mr. Kingsley Martin stated that "it is not Russia that has expanded since the war, it is the United States." Since this statement is untrue, it should be retracted.

JOHN R. BAKER

Oxford.

[Kingsley Martin writes: "I am glad of an opportunity of elaborating a statement that was too bald on the air. To avoid futile arguments I will summarise the facts without, for the moment, discussing methods or motives. During (not since) the war the U.S.S.R. regained large areas of traditional Russian territory, much of it surrendered at Brest-Litovsk. These included the Baltic States, East Poland, Bessarabia and Bukovina. Russia also annexed part of East Prussia and, as a result of a war which I have never thought justified, part of Finland. After the war Czechoslovakia ceded to Russia the Russian-speaking territory of Ruthenia, and by agreement with the Allies the U.S.S.R. annexed South Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands, and occupied North Korea and ex-enemy territory in Germany, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary.

The United States similarly occupied part of Germany, the whole of Japan, and parts of China (extent now uncertain). She also annexed strategic islands in the Central Pacific (against the opposition of this country at Uno).

Since the war—the period under discussion—Russia attempted one piece of further expansion in Persia. This, under pressure, she abandoned. She also evacuated northern Norway and the island of Born-

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Company Meetings

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY INSURANCE OFFICES

THE Annual General Meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on June 4th in London. The chairman said:—

In the Life Department, new net sums assured amounted to £3,782,571, which is the largest in the history of the Office. The premium income increased from £896,386 to £954,683; the claims by death were within the amount expected under the Mortality Tables. The expenses ratio rose from 12.98 per cent to 16.65 per cent.

Towards the end of 1946 we launched the Personal Security Plan. This scheme gives complete protection to the man or woman with dependants. It is keyed to the life of the man who is producing the income for the home. It provides an income for dependants if a man dies; for the man himself if he is disabled by sickness or accident; for the man and his wife if he lives to a selected pension age.

In the Fire Department, the net income of the Century and the other Companies in the Group for the first time exceeded £1,000,000 sterling.

In the Accident Department the addition to the premium income for the year was £82,000.

The Marine account has continued to show satisfactory results.

The Century Consolidated Accounts show that we have been able to transfer £102,327 to the Profit and Loss Account.

The total profits, including interest, were £198,017. A dividend, including a bonus, of £150,000, has been declared and a balance of £408,884 has been carried forward.

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS

RECORD PRODUCTION

The annual general meeting of John Summers & Sons, Ltd., was held on May 30th in London.

Mr. Richard F. Summers, the chairman, said that he thought it would be agreed that the net profit of £580,551 showed a satisfactory increase over the previous year. It was very satisfactory to know that the increased results for 1946 were due to improved production figures and a general increase in efficiency all round. The new cold reversing mill had only been in operation for the last quarter of the year but sufficiently long to indicate that it would be a valuable and remunerative addition to their plant.

The production of steel ingots at Shotton had been increased by some 63,000 tons over the previous year and was the highest figure reached since they had changed over to making the special quality steels which the continuous rolling process demanded. Records had been broken in all the rolling mills and the delivery figures for sheets and light plates from the Shotton works was the highest ever recorded.

While their deliveries had reached a record figure, that did not mean that they had been able to fulfil all demands. A satisfactory feature was that the increased production had been accompanied by a further improvement in the quality of their products. That was no mean achievement.

It was disappointing after the results achieved last year that they should have been faced with the fuel crisis and with restricted fuel supplies since then. The industry as a whole was in very good shape and had been confidently looking forward to a record production for 1947. Unfortunately, the restrictions which had prevailed since February would make that impossible of achievement.

The report was adopted.

UNITED MOLASSES

LARGER PROFITS AND DIVIDEND

The 21st annual general meeting of the United Molasses Company, Ltd., will be held on 24th June in London.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Sir F. Michael K. Kielberg, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1946:—

Profits for the year show a gratifying improvement compared with recent years and make it possible, after increasing the rate of dividend by 5 per cent., at a cost of about £45,000, to transfer £150,000 to general reserve (the same) and to increase the carry-forward by £103,000 compared with an increase of £28,000 the year before.

The capital reserve has also been greatly strengthened by the transfer of £294,000 capital profits realised during the year and £75,000 transferred from investment reserve account less £107,000, being the excess cost of the investment in W. J. Yarwood and Sons, Ltd., over the net book value of the assets acquired, with the result that the free reserves of the company, after payment of the 2½ per cent. cash distribution, now stand at £4,958,122.

Business during the first four months of the current year has followed the mixed pattern of 1946 and, taken as a whole, the earnings have so far not been seriously affected by the grave fuel shortage which came to a head in February-March. As far as one can tell, without having audited figures, profits would appear to be accruing at approximately the same rate as last year. Our newly acquired business interests in this country and America are working to capacity at satisfactory profit margins. Prospects for 1947 can, therefore, be said to be satisfactory up to date.

holm. Meanwhile the U.S.A. has expanded in many parts of the world. She maintained her air bases in Iceland against the will of the Icelandic Parliament, and is now asking Denmark for a "joint defence policy" on Greenland. She has maintained air bases in many parts of the world, as, for instance, in Saudi-Arabia, in which she was not previously interested.

Mr. Truman's recent declaration of policy in relation to Turkey and Greece and other areas threatened by Communism amounted to a proposal to establish on a basis of American financial and military power a protectorate of every country on the vast periphery of Russia which has a government opposed to Communism. He has now proposed to Congress a plan of "hemispheric defence" which would involve the exclusive use of U.S. arms and the acceptance of U.S. protection over the whole of the American continent, including Canada.

It may be argued that the American Century is a good thing. That is another problem. My point was that Russia expanded as a result of military victory, but was in far too weak a position to expand further after the war. The present U.S.A. is an expansionist power on a scale never before known to history."
[Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

CHINA'S DEMOCRATS

Sir,—The pattern of events in China is familiar. The Constitution has been passed. The Cabinet has been strengthened. The appeasers of tyranny are pushed well to the fore—revolvers thrust in their backs. The Communists are outlawed—and the Democrats are crushed. Elections will then be held, giving an overwhelming majority to the democratically elected dictator.

This is the second time I have seen this attempted. I was in Wuhan during the *coup d'ètat* of 1927. My father, a staunch democrat, schooled in English law, the man who had taken down Sun Yat Sen's last testament, was branded a Communist and hounded from the country. Tang Yen-tat, the Third Party advocate, was taken into the General's garden and shot. Madame Sun Yat Sen, unflinching supporter of her dead husband's policies, was driven abroad. The best representatives of the Kuomintang were scattered. Thousands perished in the blood purge. Communism was driven into the hills of Kiangsi—from whence it emerged stronger than ever, but the cause of Liberal democracy in China suffered a set-back from which it took ten years to recover.

During the war the Democratic League cautiously and laboriously gathered together the scattered strands of Liberalism—the Third Party, the Democratic-Socialist Party, the Rural Reconstruction Party, progressive independents, followers of Sun Yat Sen who cherished his principles too highly to join his corrupted party, middle-of-the-roaders who detest the dictatorship of the Kuomintang but cannot see their way clear to joining the Communist Party.

Since so many of the Left-wing of the KMT have become figureheads, the League, apart from the Communists, is the only group which dares to expose KMT misrule and campaign for reform. It refused to participate in the Nanking "National" Assembly or in the new KMT "Coalition" Government. It demands peace, democratic freedoms and the Coalition Government agreed to by all parties at the Peoples' Consultative Council of January, 1946, and the calling of a real National assembly to adopt a democratic constitution, hold elections and begin a normal democratic life for all China. The League is independent of the Communist Party, although it frankly realises that, without the CP and the Liberated Regions, its fight for democratic rights in China would be a forlorn hope. This is the party that is now being relentlessly persecuted by the Kuomintang reactionaries.

The campaign began with the murder of the poet Professor Wen I-to and Li Kung-po in Kunming last year. It is now approaching its climax. After 3,000 people were arrested in Canton late last year I found that city a frightened place. Then came a wave of suppression of democratic papers in the provinces. In Chungking alone 26 non-KMT publications were closed down, including the League's *Democratic Daily*. The *Democratic Weekly* in Kweilin and the *Spring and Autumn News* in Kweiyang have also been banned. Recently came the mass arrests of over 10,000 people in Peiping, Tientsin, Tsingtao and Chungking. A group of Liberals in Shanghai, including Mr. William Powell, editor of the American *China Weekly Review* have protested to the Mayor against the "disappearance" of teachers, intellectuals and Liberals. Over 80 kidnappings have been reported in the press. The chairman of the League's North-West branch, Mr. Tu Pin-cheng has been arrested. The Southern branch cannot function in Canton, and has sought the relative safety of British Hong Kong. The Manchurian branch is silenced. The writer Lo Pin-chi was arrested immediately on his return to his native Mukden. The leaders of the League in Shanghai, Drs. Lo Lung-chi and Chang Pai-chun, have had their houses searched and been interrogated on "the presence of Communists in their party." Marshal Li Tsi-shen, Left-wing KMT CEC member since 1927, who protested against the dictatorship and civil war, has now been expelled. The last independent daily in Shanghai has been banned.

The Democrats are fighting for their lives. It would be well to consider what their elimination in the Kuomintang areas will mean for the immediate future of China and for future Anglo-Chinese relations. The Democratic League speaks the language of the great Liberal-Democratic tradition of the West, of Britain and America. It is an important bridge between the Communist-led peasant democracy of the Liberated Regions and the democratic Socialist tradition of the West. The success of its struggle for existence depends primarily on the success of the Liberated Regions against the Kuomintang. But a great deal depends on how effectively the friends of democracy outside China, and particularly in Britain and America, rally to its aid. Jack Chen

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

Sir,—With £166,000 to be spent on propaganda, is it too much to ask that the Labour Party should spend a little of this sum in making itself known in the Universities? As one who spends a considerable portion of his time in the Modern Universities, I can testify that among the students there the policy and achievements of the Labour Party are almost unknown. The Conservatives and the Liberals are staging their respective come-backs with fair success and in this they are obviously getting considerable help from outside bodies. But Socialism remains unrepresented save by a small active group of Communists (and their camp-followers) and a dwindling body of more liberal-minded adherents who are often discontented with Communist leadership but are too politically ignorant and disorganised to do anything about it. I do not speak of one University alone: these facts are true for nearly all the modern Universities.

What is needed, and needed urgently, is help from outside. A University Travelling Secretary with office facilities would pay rich dividends in a few years time in providing educated leadership for the party. His job would be to work through or alongside the existing Socialist Societies, helping to stimulate interest in Democratic Socialism by assisting them to get speakers and by linking them up with the Local Labour parties and with interested members of staff. Who knows—perhaps in a couple of years time he might even be in a position to raise his own salary.

Among this post-war generation of students, Democratic Socialism is moribund. Unless it wakes up, in a few years the Labour Party will be getting no support from the Universities at all. To Right and Left other parties are working diligently in this field. Here as elsewhere, the Labour Party will reap the harvest it deserves. Social Democrat

University of Liverpool,
Liverpool, 3.

back their beliefs

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The 80th annual general meeting of Vickers, Limited, was held on May 30 in London.

Sir Archibald Jamieson, the chairman, in the course of his speech, said: Our main problem in 1946 has continued to be the replacement of our armament work by commercial productions, and if we remember that our own specialised commercial products were few in number we have achieved greater success than might have been anticipated. It is an indication of the extent of this conversion that whereas the works were wholly employed on armament work at the end of the war, analysis reveals that for the last month of 1946 the expenditure on commercial work was about 80 per cent of the total. I must, however, make it plain to our stockholders that in addition to expanding our commercial activities it is our policy to maintain our specialised capacity for the wide range of armaments for which this company has built up a world-wide reputation, and to retain the highly qualified staff of specialists necessary for the design of such products. Stockholders will realise that this policy involves them in unremunerative expenditure in maintaining this capacity as a reserve for possible future national demands.

LARGE ORDERS BOOKED

The shipyards at Barrow and Newcastle, besides being modernised in every possible way, are being modified and re-equipped to allow of the introduction of welding and prefabrication on a large scale, with the appropriate modifications to cranes, etc., to enable large prefabricated sections to be handled in the shops and on the berths.

In our engineering works we have been involved in a considerable amount of rebuilding and restoration and rearrangement of plant to deal effectively with the large volume of commercial orders which have been secured. The sale and production of the "Viking" proceeded satisfactorily during the year under review. Our technical staff are well advanced with the design of the Civil Transport Aircraft which should ultimately replace the "Viking," and it is hoped that the prototype will be flown in the early part of 1948. During the summer of 1946, Supermarine flew their first prototype single-jet aircraft.

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The production of A.I.R.O.H. Houses at Chester and Blackpool works, which have been rented by us from the Government for this purpose, has continued steadily, and the rate of production is steadily rising.

If we are given adequate raw materials and reasonable supplies of our other requirements, we have at our disposal the necessary skill and craftsmanship in our management and workpeople, and the necessary cash to make a very solid contribution to the export markets and the essential requirements of the home market, but at the present time there is every indication that supplies will be inadequate for our requirements. However, the conservative policy that has been followed for many years has placed your company in a position where the stockholders can look forward to the 1947 report with reasonable confidence.

The report was adopted.

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STORMONT DEMOCRACY

SIR,—I would welcome the cpportunity of dealing fully with Mr. Geoffrey Bing's article on democracy in Northern Ireland and would gladly do so if it would interest your readers. Meantime I only want to show that there are two sides to this question, and Mr. Bing has only dealt with one.

I have little quarrel with his article, except on detail. I am sure he has no hostility to Northern Ireland, and that his present campaign in press and Parliament is prompted by a desire to see democracy flourish, and in that desire he has no more enthusiastic supporter than myself.

Mr. Bing never even hints at the reasons for the Special Powers Act. It is an odd omission because he must know very well that the Act was passed to save Northern Ireland from the attack of those who had, and still have, a contempt for the ballot box, and who tried, and nearly succeeded, in overthrowing the legitimate Government by methods of violence.

In the early years of our Government, the combined efforts of Sinn Fein and the Irish Republican Army had reduced Northern Ireland to a state of chaos. In 1922 we had 230 people killed (including 2 Unionist Members of Parliament), 1,000 wounded and more than £3,000,000 worth of property wantonly destroyed by fire and explosives. The gunman was in the ascendant, the police powerless and the Government was just about at the end of its tether. It had no defence except a police force, established that very year, undermanned, less than half-trained, and with a new and inexperienced Headquarters staff.

The choice before the Government was to surrender to the campaign of violence and admit its inability to cope with it, or to arm itself with sufficient powers to beat it. It was in these circumstances that the Special Powers Act was passed. We didn't want it. It was forced upon us by the conditions which were not of our making. Even with the Special Powers it took eight long and painful years to get the situation under control.

I was not in public life in those years, but I can speak of the administration of the Special Powers Act since 1938, when I became Parliamentary Secretary at our Home Office, and I have been Minister for some years now.

Four times since 1930 the I.R.A. has been strongly revived and seriously menaced law and order. I always disliked the Act and regarded it as a painful necessity. In 1938 when I first took office I discussed with Lord Craigavon, then Prime Minister, the possibility of modifying or repealing it. I remember his answer well. He said that war was just round the corner, that if England ran true to form she would get into difficulties in the early stages of the war, and if this happened the I.R.A. would stab her in the back. He told me to do nothing for the present. Subsequent events proved how right he was. Immediately after Dunkirk arms commenced to pour across the border. We knew that 400 machine guns had been imported by the I.R.A. from America. Recruiting was speeded up and the I.R.A. assumed alarming proportions. Anxious about the arms situation we commenced raiding for dumps and found eighty-two dumps, most of them containing very substantial quantities of rifles, machine guns, bombs, revolvers and ammunition. Later we captured a number of staff documents issued by I.R.A. Headquarters, and they showed that the most extensive plans had been made to sabotage the war effort in every possible way. I have these in my custody. One instruction issued by the H.Q. states that in the event of a German landing in Ireland (by no means improbable in 1941/2) the I.R.A. was to assist the German Army.

There is no doubt that the powers of the Executive under the Special Powers Act are very drastic, and they are not needed when the I.R.A. is inactive, but if the Act were repealed, and (as has happened four times) the I.R.A. again became a menace, it would take months to get it back on the Statute Book, and by such time the situation might have got beyond control.

One thing is certain, and we here know it all too well. The forces and resources at our command, as a subordinate Parliament, are entirely inadequate to deal with a movement such as the I.R.A., and so long as it persists no Home Secretary could be responsible for maintaining orderly conditions unless he had special powers to deal with an exceptional situation. We would gladly be rid of the Act, but we must first be rid of the menaoe which called it into existence.

Let there be no misunderstanding on one point. The Special Powers Act is a purely defensive measure. During my experience—from 1938 to date—it has never been used except for its special purpose of combating an armed revolutionary movement, and no Government with our limited powers could meet such a threat by means of a police force alone. The force is neither designed nor adequate for such a task.

Might I just mention two matters in Mr. Bing's article to correct them? He asserts that the Government has found the Act useful in dealing with Labour supporters and says: "Under it a Labour supporter is suddenly arrested, his house and family searched and he himself held in jail for a period." I am sorry he made this charge, because it is baseless. I aver most positively that no man has ever been affected by the Special Powers Act because of his Labour or Trade Union sympathies.

The other assertion which I regret is that in the Royal Ulster Constabulary "in a number of cases Roman Catholics are permitted to hold subordinate positions in the Force." This has an ugly flavour. We reserved one-third of the places in the force for Roman Catholics, but the intake has never exceeded about one-sixth. Of the officer positions, one-seventh of the appointments are held by Roman Catholics, Head Constables (i.e., the £500 a year man) one-fourth, Sergeants one-fifth, and Constables one-sixth.

EDMOND WARNOCK,
Minister of Home Affairs, N.I.

OUR RATIONS

SIR,—We are becoming inured to the smug complacency of Labour speakers when dealing with the food situation, but when Critic states that "Food is rather better and more varied than it was during the war and there are far more unpointed goods" I, as one of the many middle-class housewives, feel bound to protest against such an inaccurate statement.

(1) *Meat:* Meat is of worse quality and no more plentiful.

(2) *Offal:* During the war we reckoned on offal once a week at least. Now if we get liver once in six to eight weeks we are lucky. Kidney, tripe, sweetbread, oxtail and hearts have vanished.

(3) *Meat pies, breakfast sausage, liver sausage:* Once easy to get. Now we have to tramp from shop to shop and are lucky if we find them.

(4) *Bacon:* Ration reduced.

(5) *Boiled ham:* During the war it was possible at this time of the year to get 2 oz. of boiled ham on each ration book about once a week. We have seen none since the end of the war.

(6) *Rabbits:* We have not seen a rabbit in the last eighteen months.

(7) *Points goods:* During the war we had Spam and similar products and occasionally tinned tongues. These are now unprocurable. Even sardines have gone off the market.

Admittedly fish is more plentiful. But since there is no fat in which to fry it, no milk with which to make sauce and very few flavourings with which to brighten it up, additional fish means merely a headache to the housewife who has to listen to the family groan "What, fish again!"

Add to all this the shortage of vegetables owing to the severe winter, and a complete lack of apples, and this housewife for one feels that a little more practical experience on the part of Government speakers and writers would prevent a deal of irritation in the public mind and stop the said speakers from talking through their hats.

EUNICE TIEDEMAN

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is very seldom that the literature of criticism is enriched by a contribution so succinct yet packed with thought, so clear, well expressed and unequivocal, yet written "from the inside," as Cecil Day Lewis's Clark Lectures*; very seldom indeed that any book so gives one the sense of being completely filled out by its subject. That subject comprehends the whole stuff of what we call Poetry, with the exception of metrical technique; and the power of imagery has in itself no necessary connection with *verse*. So that Mr. Day Lewis's book resolves itself, as we think back over it, into an examination of the nature of poetry.

In the most general terms poetry may be described as a sudden moment of illumination—like the flash of light which, when you shut your eyes, remains for a short time imprinted on your eyeball. In one sense it is associated with the intensity of a conviction or sudden discovery. It is global, involving all the faculties in a uniform activity which is both sensuous and intellectual. Unlike a flower, or some other natural object, which may be beautiful in a pure sense, uncomplicated by mental association, the poetic moment need not be beautiful: it may be lovely or baleful; in either case its nature is super-rational, because the elements evoking it compose a symbol the precise significance of which eludes us. It is probable that, if we could fix the exact provenance of the symbol evoked by the poetic moment, the poetry itself would evaporate, because the activity of the symbol is organic.

According to this theory the material of a poem consists of an intuition, or system of intuitions (the "moment": Mr. Day Lewis calls it a "state of grace"), displaying some aspect of essential reality, in the same way that a rose may be said to reveal the intrinsic nature of the tree which gives birth to it. The vehicle of this important communication is the poetic image, and in his first chapter Mr. Day Lewis affirms the monist principle which is for poets an inescapable expression of philosophic truth:

> I should not myself go so far as Hulme and declare that, according to the Romantics, "in the least element of beauty we have a total intuition of the whole world." Even Blake would hardly have claimed that the doors of mortal perception ever could be cleansed to this extent. But Hulme's words would be a fair summing up of the Romantic view if we changed them to "in the least element of beauty we have a *partial* intuition of the whole world." It is essential that we should make up our minds whether we believe this holds true for the images in every kind of poetry, or believe on the other hand that there is more than one basic activity of metaphor. In my opinion, it holds good for all images to the extent that every image re-creates not merely an object but an object in the context of an experience, and thus an object as part of a relationship. Relationship being in the very nature of metaphor if we believe that the universe is a body wherein all men and all things are "members one of another," we must allow metaphor to give a "partial intuition of the whole world." Every poetic image, I would affirm, by clearly revealing a tiny portion of this body, suggest its infinite extension.

Proceeding on this assumption, Mr. Day Lewis tentatively supports the important theory, elaborated from Jung by Miss Maud Bodkin, of "archetypal images"—a theory which, by presupposing the existence of a "collective subconscious," provides an explanation of the power of particular images to communicate poetic experience. If this theory has any truth in it, the grounds upon which science has hitherto resisted the poetic form of perception may gradually be removed. Dr. Johnson kicking a stone in order to demonstrate the reality of matter, was adopting the poet's standpoint—which is also, in this case, the standpoint of common sense. A refusal to countenance any attitude to *sensibilia* other than the analytic must result in a mental impoverishment that would end by abolishing the analyst along with the artist.

Mr. Day Lewis is careful to stress the *precision* achieved by the image-making faculty. Since all images are rearrangements of units drawn from the memory, it is natural that we should find a certain ambiguity inseparable from words used in this way: an ambiguity which does not detract from the precision of the image (as one might expect it to do), but increases the scope of its meaning and intensifies its emotional power. When Tennyson thinks of the old yew planted over a grave and proceeds:

> Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
> Thy roots are wrapt about the bones—

the beautiful ambiguity of the word *net* (among the many pictures it calls up that of fishing occurs to us perhaps second, because we are thinking of Hallam drowned in the sea) connects the whole of our sensibility with Tennyson's in a repetition of the poetic moment. The subconscious store, which we hold in common with the poet, has been successfully tapped, and the "state of grace" is established.

The question of the ambiguity of an image (it has been discussed at length by Mr. Empson) is bound up with precision of another sort. In one of his most original chapters, Mr. Day Lewis deals with the "living" image, and reaches conclusion about bathos which I feel to be questionable. "The image is a drawing-back from the actual, the better to come to grips with it: so every successful image is the sign of a successful encounter with the real." Quite so; but surely it is important that whatever represents "the real" should not be encumbered with too much utilitarian association, otherwise the poem (or line, or stanza) will refuse to rise from the ground. Mr. Day Lewis cites the telegraph pole and thinks that the Greeks "would have seen [it] both from a utilitarian and a poetic point of view." But would they? Literary criticism in the ancient world, from Aristophanes to Ovid and Longinus, is full of acrimonious discussions about the vocabularies proper to certain styles, and there is plenty of evidence that some poets (e.g. Euripides) were felt to be insufficiently sensitive to this particular borderland. It is all very well for Mr. Day Lewis to bid us "experience [telegraph poles] poetically." This may be done to the extent of introducing such objects acceptably into a passage of poetic *prose*; but in verse I seem to feel that the attempt could never meet with success. Rossetti's Woodspurge may have coincided by chance with his hour of agony; that does not mean that a more utilitarian object would have done just as well. It is conceivable that a telegraph pole might have crystallised that poetic moment; but neither Rossetti nor any other poet could make us accept the phrase in a sonnet, though it might take an equivalent place in a novel. The railway engine in Zola's *La Bête Humaine* is indeed a poetic image; but a hundred years have not been able to reconcile us to the locomotive which crashes into the middle of Vigny's *La Maison du Berger*. Even Cowper's sofa, his "cups that cheer but not inebriate," get by only because their primness amuses and charms us; in a domestic epic by Patmore or Elizabeth Barrett Browning they would make us frown and fidget uneasily in our chairs. Nor can I agree with Mr. Day Lewis that Hardy ever wholly succeeds in infusing the necessary poetic ambiguity into the glum, middle-class objects with which so many of his lyrics are innocently furnished.

Ultimately it is a question of *congruity*, which Mr. Day Lewis thinks a more important element than either novelty or intensity. Congruity as between the various images in a single poem, but congruity also with the state of mind in which alone it is possible profitably to read a poem. Both kinds are more often achieved by the classical type of poet, such as George Herbert or Matthew Arnold, for whom a poem was before all things a construction, and imagery never an end in itself.

> With the Romantic poet, the image-seeking faculty is unleashed and wanders at large, whereas with the Classical it is tethered to a thought, a meaning, a poetic purpose already clarified, and its radius of action is thus far limited.

The time factor is important here, for—the remarks of poets notwithstanding—it is fairly clear that with the classical type of poet the idea ("thought," "meaning") is to some degree detachable from the polyphony of the poem, and therefore both precedes it and dictates what Mr. Day Lewis calls the *pattern* of the imagery. Not all poets whose work shows the emotional urbanity and care for form which we associate with the reaction from romantic periods of artistic history can be called classical in the above sense. For all its grace and symmetry, Valéry's *Le Cimetière Marin* (recently translated, with exquisite propriety, by Mr. Day Lewis himself) is essentially a romantic poem because its meaning is created gradually by the imagery, as the latter evolves its pattern from the germinating poetic moment: Valéry's "encounter with the real"—the sea, the sails, the gravestones, and his own mood.

The dangers implicit in the romantic abandonment to the assault of images are incongruity, useless obscurity, and the characteristic modern vice of tesselating "broken images" and calling the result a poem. (Composers like Delius run the same risk in attempting to construct music out of harmonic sequences alone.) If the classical poet pursues his images, the romantic is pursued by them. And frequently overtaken: a common disaster unites Valéry's *La Jeune Parque* and the early work of Mr. Dylan Thomas—two poets whose minds and methods suggest absolutely dissimilar fates. To anyone who is sensitive to the evocative power of language, a certain quality of beauty arises from reading these extraordinary products of the aesthetic faculty. Only the most austere minds are proof against the charm of the rhapsodic, the fantastical, and the ingenious; and such minds are seldom attuned to any except occasional poetry. Nevertheless, the double risk, of wool-gathering and of disintegration, has been thoroughly run by modern poets; and Mr. Day Lewis is perhaps at his very best in analysing the causes which have compelled them to so extreme a privacy. Chief among these is doubtless the fact that the nature of twentieth century life gives less and less scope for thinking in terms of images.

> There is this resistance to the poetic image (and I do not pretend to have done much more than embroider upon the plain fact that most people today have no use for poetry)—a resistance due to a poverty of the general imagination. If people no longer feel the poetic image as a pleasureable method of exploring reality, or even as a pleasure in itself, or if they do not believe or take interest in that kind of truth which can only be revealed through the image, then the poet has no check on the value of his images other than a private and technical one. So, at the present time, we get the poets using a very great profusion of imagery, but with a minimum of support from the general imagination. That is perhaps the chief cause of the obscurity, the erratic touch, and the centrifugal strain we find in so much modern verse.

Mr. Day Lewis is, I believe, describing a malady of which the first symptoms can be observed in poetry composed as far back as the 1870's and 1880's—the period which saw the birth, in France, of the Symbolist movement. Take, for instance, the opening lines of Meredith's *The South-Wester*:

> Day of cloud in fleets! O day
> Of wedded white and blue, that sail
> Immingled, with a footing ray
> In shadow-sandals down our vale!—
> And swift to ravish golden meads,
> Swift up the run of turf it speeds,
> Thy bright of head and dark of heel,
> To where the hilltop flings on sky,
> As hawk from wrist or dust from wheel,
> The tiptoe scalers tossed to fly . . .

There is no "drawing-back" here, nor has the poet sought the chaotic (but oddly successful) imagery in order to express an idea: he has simply turned himself into a node of sensation, as Swinburne was even more inclined to do. The ultimate aim of this kind of poetry is the "simultaneity" for which Mallarmé strove, and which he achieved in some of his later sonnets, where the idea and its images do not reach us gradually, in a temporal sequence, but are set in a timeless pattern up and down the lines, like a constellation in the sky or a jewelled arabesque on the top of a snuff-box. Many contemporary poems are easier to grasp once we assume the influence (often at several removes) of Mallarmé, and still more of Rimbaud, who suppressed metaphor in favour of an image, or chain of images, which compress into an indivisible whole the idea and its evocations. This procedure has not yet been fully worked out; it involves enormous risks to communication; but it is probably the greatest invention which poetic technique has to show for the past hundred years.

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* *The Poetic Image*. By Cecil Day Lewis. *Cape* 8s. 6d.

Like all the best books on poetry, *The Poetic Image* lays down no law. The author is himself too good and too experienced a poet not to be fully aware how elusive is the material with which he has chosen to deal. The poetic imagination is like one of those shy animals which haunt the jungles of the Douanier Rousseau. Mr. Day Lewis knows that these animals are not meant to be caught and caged. In tracking their mysterious movements and in drawing carefully aside, from time to time, the fronds which conceal them, he reveals the transient phases of a being we can never see in its entirety—any more than we can see our own faces, except as reflected in mirrors which vary from glass, through water, to the accusing eyes of other people.

LIONEL CRANFIELD

THE ABUSE OF SCIENCE

Science, Liberty and Peace. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto.* 3s. 6d.

This short book is part diagnosis, part suggested remedy. The diagnosis, which is of the disease of our civilisation, follows familiar lines. The cause of the disease is applied science or rather, the purposes for which we choose to apply it and the effects of its application. These are the centralisation of power and the consequent diminution of liberty and individuality. Huxley shows, I think successfully, how science centralises power in the hands of comparatively small minorities. For example, the development of military technique renders numbers comparatively helpless against the minority which controls the tank and the bombing aeroplane; the development of press, radio and cinema gives the minority which controls them an unprecedented power of reaching and forming the public mind; the development of industrial techniques introduces a new element of insecurity into the life of the workers, provokes the demand for state protection against unemployment and so increases the power of the State.

Huxley argues that so far as its effects upon liberty and individuality are concerned, it makes little difference whether the power conferred by applied science is centralised in the hands of monopolist capitalist concerns, in a planning semi-Socialist State, or in a Communist State. In each case the net result is an increase of *hubris* on the part of the governors and of docility on the part of the governed, leading either to the destruction of our civilisation in war or to the disappearance of liberty and individuality in a society which increasingly approximates to the condition described in the author's Brave New World, if we succeed in avoiding war.

The argument of the book is addressed specifically to scientists. What, then, can scientists do to alter the situation that applied science has brought about?

First, they can resort to resistance—"There are certain professions so intrinsically harmful that no individual ought to practise them." Scientists, then, can and should go on strike against participation in war work ordered by national States. Unfortunately for this suggestion scientists are neither wiser, more virtuous nor more public-spirited than the rest of us; in particular, they are no more remarkable for moral courage or for freedom from nationalist prejudices and patriotic loyalties. The contrast has often been noted between the patient research, the dispassionate weighing of evidence, the objective outlook displayed by the scientist in his laboratory and his credulous subscription to the contemporary prejudices of the vulgar, directly he leaves it. Scientists in this respect are like bees. See a bee going about his business in and about the hive; what a miracle of adaptation to environment! What competence in the performance of function! Put the same bee on a window pane and he behaves like a congenital idiot.

This being so, we have no right to place upon scientists the burden of adopting what is, in effect, the role of martyrs and pioneers for the good of us all. If we have not sense enough to save ourselves, we have no right to expect scientists to have the sense to save us from ourselves.

Secondly, there is a suggestion that the scientists should be controlled by the politicians. Huxley has little faith in this proposal. It presupposes, it is obvious, a prior agreement amongst the politicians themselves as to the purposes for which applied science should and should not be used. The chances of such agreement turn upon questions of international politics and are not at the moment hopeful.

Thirdly, there is the action which scientists might themselves take to increase liberty and individuality. Hitherto, Huxley points out, man has been used for science rather than science for man. But why, he asks, should not scientists combine to adopt a policy consciously designed to serve human needs? Why should they not, for example, meet in international conference called to consider as the first item of its agenda, "How are all men, women and children to get enough to eat?" The objection to this suggestion has already been indicated; it requires of scientists a higher degree of wisdom, courage and insight than belongs to the average of human beings. There is nothing in their training to suggest they ought to possess or in their behaviour to suggest that they do possess these qualities. Lacking them, they might justly ask why they should take up on behalf of their generation a challenge which is, in fact, addressed to itself.

Mr. Huxley's real specific for the evils of our time is decentralisation. Most of our evils, both physical and psychological, spring, he holds, from large scale production and distribution. Hence, he recommends that the vast contemporary aggregations of power should be dispersed and that the region should become the unit of production both in industry and agriculture; he then calls upon scientists to make regional units self-sufficient. It is, he thinks, a mere historical accident that the benefits of scientific research should have been used to centralise power in industry and in government. Why should not scientists concentrate on, for example, producing a portable source of power to replace petroleum which originates in and has, therefore, to be transported from specific places? Hence, Huxley's final recommendation is for decentralised, largely self-sufficient regional communities, as to which see Mr. Propter *passim* in *Time Must Have a Stop*. Mr. Huxley, of course, is right. But how, one wonders, are the regional communities to be formed? Not by governments whose tendency is to centralise administration and to concentrate power, not to disperse them. They must, then, arise from the spontaneous movement of voluntary groups. But where are the groups to go? Even if they were to be tolerated in peace time they would, when war came, be extirpated by the military or the secret police, even if they did not succumb to the atomic fate of the unelect.

It is fashionable at the moment to liken the role of such communities to that of the monasteries which, formed before the catastrophe came, served as little oases of learning and enlightenment during the centuries that followed the break up of the Roman Empire. But the monasteries had not to number among their enemies the Gestapo and the Ogpu. It is probably not true that the modern centralised state is *more* intolerant than the barbarian of elements which refuse to be assimilated; it is sufficient that it is incomparably more efficient in their extirpation.

One is left, then, with the conviction that the self-sufficient regional communities must, if they are to survive, seek out the undeveloped parts of the earth beyond the reach of the long arm of the centralised State. In the Himalayas or the Amazonian jungle; in the uplands of Northern Rhodesia or even in the Sahara they might escape and survive, though it may be doubted whether they would prosper. Thus, the meek would inherit the less appetising places of the earth.

C. E. M. JOAD

NEW NOVELS

Auto-da-Fé. By ELIAS CANETTI. *Cape.* 15s.
The Street. By ANN PETRY. *Joseph.* 10s. 6d.
Before the Crossing. By STORM JAMESON. *MacMillan.* 8s. 6d.
Selected Stories. By H. A. MANHOOD. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

> From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the *Spectator*, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogised by a thousand pens, there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them.

Thus tartly Miss Austen gives utterance to the general cry of the English novelist, for, in England, in the public view there are only two classes of books, novels and those which are not novels; the latter, which acquire virtue simply because they are not novels, going automatically into the category of the "serious" and the "good." Coleridge, it will be remembered, transferred fiction "from the *genus*, reading, to that comprehensive class characterised by the power of reconciling the two contrary yet co-existing propensities of human nature, namely, indulgence of sloth, and hatred of vacancy," a genus which included for him such diversions as spitting over bridges and "conning word by word all the advertisements of a daily newspaper in a public house on a rainy day." To-day, public librarians, noting the increase in reading during the war years, are always at pains to point out that it is not only fiction for which there is a growing demand, but also "serious" books. Or the practice of the B.B.C. may be instanced: the Light Programme devotes ten minutes each week to the notice of new novels, the Home Service a quarter of an hour perhaps once a month, and the Third Programme—well, new fiction simply is not Third Programme. In the official scale of values, *Auto-da-Fé*, which in my view certainly has genius to recommend it, is presumably in the same class as "Happidrome," and *The Street*, which is a most serious and impressive first novel, is perhaps on the same level as "Have a Go!"

Auto-da-Fé is not easily described: it is partly satire, and one also suspects allegory. Put in the simplest terms, it creates the world of a paranoiac—all the characters, except one, are more or less mad. It is terrifying, and often very funny: a truly savage comedy. The nearest parallel I can think of are the plays of Ben Jonson, and Jonson's definition of a humour provides a clue to the book:

> . . . when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits and his power
> In their conflixions all to run one way;
> This may be truly said to be a humour.

The "one peculiar quality" that possesses Mr. Canetti's hero, Dr. Peter Kien, "the greatest living authority on sinology," is love of books.

entirely devoid of personal relationships, he lives for books and his whole knowledge of life comes from books: "He took the roses from Fischerle's hand, remembered their sweet smell which he knew from Persian love poetry, and raised them to his eyes; it was true, they did smell. This soothed him completely." Kien, as much as Sir Epicure Mammon or Volpone, is the complete humour: for him, what exists does so solely in relation to his books. He marries his illiterate old housekeeper because it seems to him that she has a proper regard for at any rate the physical condition of books; and when she finally drives him out of his flat through her brutality and her continual screams for money, for his bankbook and his will, he falls in with a hunchback pickpocket—also a humour, living only for chess and dreaming of becoming world champion—and with him takes up his position at the state pawnshop in order to ransom the books which their wretched owners are intent on pawning. Ironically—Mr. Canetti is a master of irony—it is the one sane character in the book, Kien's brother, George, an eminent psychiatrist, who brings about the great scholar's end, the destruction by fire of his library and himself.

Auto-da-Fé demands close concentration on the part of the reader: skip a sentence and a vital link in the development may be lost. Mr. Canetti draws no distinction between his characters' actions and their fantasies; they are all, save the psychiatrist, who alone is aware of objective reality, obsessed, and to read the novel is to live through a series of obsessional states. The author's own point of view seems to be indicated in the following passage, spoken by the psychiatrist to his colleagues:

> "You see, gentlemen . . . what miserable single-track creatures, what pitiful and inarticulate bourgeois we are, compared with the genius of this paranoiac. We possess, but he is possessed; we take our experiences at second-hand, he makes his own. He moves in total solitude, like the earth itself, through his own space. He has a right to be afraid. He applies more acumen to the explanation and defence of his way of life, than all of us together do to ours. He believes in the images his senses conjure up for him. We mistrust our own healthy senses. Those few among us who have faith still cling to experiences which were lived for them by others thousands of years ago . . . But look at him! He is Allah, prophet, and Moslem in one. Is a miracle any the less a miracle because we have labelled it *Paranoia chronica?*"

As I understand him, Mr. Canetti uses madness in order to expose and satirise the inadequacy and thinness of ordinary normal life. I have read nothing so disturbing or terrifying in its implications since Céline's *A Voyage to the End of the Night*. To most readers its vision of life will be no more acceptable than Céline's; but *Auto-da-Fé* can no more be ignored than any other great work of satire. For Mr. Canetti has created a world of his own, entirely self-contained and ferociously funny, rich in character, irony and that unflagging exuberance of invention which is a sign of the great comic writer. Miss C. V. Wedgwood's translation from the original German, made in collaboration with the author, is a remarkable *tour-de-force*.

One objects to the terrifying nature of Canetti's world. Yet is it, in fact, any more terrifying than that of *The Street*, which is recognisably the real, "normal" world of urban America, in this instance, of Harlem? Miss Petry has real literary ability and she writes with a passion and intensity that are always controlled. Her novel records the struggle of a young Negro girl, Lutie Johnson, to escape from the sordid environment of 116th Street, and build up a decent life for herself and her small son. She fails, through no fault of her own, but because circumstances are too strong for her; her own ambition sets the trap in which she is finally caught. *The Street* has much in common with the proletarian fiction of the 'thirties and suffers from similar limitations. Miss Petry has a thesis—the inevitable defeat of the aspiring Negro in a white man's world. To my mind, this is the partial truth of the novel-with-a-purpose. But 116th Street and its inhabitants are solidly composed, and Lutie is a singularly attractive heroine. As an exposure of life in Harlem, *The Street* is an extremely able, respect-worthy social document; but Miss Petry's talents are such as to make one hope that she will soon find herself free of the constricting boundaries of propaganda fiction.

Miss Storm Jameson's intention in *Before the Crossing* I found obscure. The time of the action is 1938; the hero, a novelist who is also a counter-espionage agent, sets out to discover the murderer of his friend, a Left wing M.P. who has been found in the Thames shot through the eyes. One expects, then, something like a Graham Greene entertainment. But this is not at all what we get: detection and chase are alike perfunctory, and, instead, we have a piece of symbolism the meaning of which certainly eludes me. I felt that the relationship between the hero, Renn, and the villain, an admirably convincing piece of Fascist nastiness, had not been sufficiently realised.

Mr. Manhood's short stories have affinities with those of A. E. Coppard: they depend for their effect largely on eccentric characters and idiosyncratic expression. But instead of achieving simplicity, Mr. Manhood falls more often than not into *simplesse*, to use Arnold's distinction. The lyricism of the style is always a little forced, and the patterns the stories describe are a little too arbitrarily abstracted from the life from which they spring; and there is altogether too much gratuitous violence. The least ambitious stories, accounts of fishing holidays in Ireland, and so on, are much the best.

WALTER ALLEN

LITERARY ESSAYS

Wordsworthian and other Studies. By ERNEST DE SELINCOURT. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This volume contains eight essays and lectures which have been selected from among the late Professor de Selincourt's slighter writings as most worthy of preservation.

The selection is careful, giving a balanced idea of their author's wide erudition and his genial attitude towards his subjects; it represents the mind of a scholar rather than of a critic, tolerant and wholly devoid of that malice which, in however slight a proportion, embitters the ink of the most urbane critic.

The first two essays give us surprisingly interesting pictures of Wordsworth in his youth and at the height of his career. In one he is the young man undergoing disillusionment with his revolutionary ideals, in the other he is the elderly father delaying jealously the marriage of his thirty-five years' old daughter. The latter is an incident which shows the strange vicissitudes of literary reputation. Godwin's fuss over his daughter's elopement with Shelley has been used to discredit him for over a century. Wordsworth's, if anything, less justified interference with the private life of a daughter who had long reached maturity, has rarely been held against him. Yet, for all Professor de Selincourt's generous defence of the poet, it is hard to find anything to say for Wordsworth's infliction of his selfish wishes upon a devoted child.

Elsewhere, in an essay on Coleridge's *Dejection*, Professor de Selincourt discourses sensitively on the poet's unhappy love for Sara Hutchinson, and in a note on Landor's prose, familiar already to many readers, he praises the dignity and integrity of that staunch advocate of freedom and reason, without venturing thoroughly on the

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interesting comparison that could be drawn between Landor's and Shelley's libertarian ideas.

The studies of the Romantic period end in one where Byron's rebellious reactions to the society that produced and disgusted him are traced through his poems. It is unfortunate that Byron's forthright defence of the Luddites in one of his rare House of Lords speeches is not mentioned. But we are left with an excellent short assessment of the significance of Byron and his conceptions of freedom and life.

> To other poets we shall go to learn the full meaning and value of the freedom that Byron sought and never gained, to others for an interpretation of this strange life on earth that Byron could portray but could not fathom, to others for an idealistic vision of what may lie beyond it; and without some such vision there is no more to be said for it than what Byron has said. Yet we can hardly fail to catch some inspiration from the tremendous, remorseless power with which he faced the facts of life as he saw them, and from the courage of his defiance.

The remaining essays are on Whitman, on *The Interplay of Science and Literature*, and on *The Art of Conversation.* The first two are informative, and sound, if not deep, in their conclusions. Professor de Selincourt tells us that without a comradeship like that sung by Whitman the world will not cease its strife, and that science without imagination is a danger. We cannot disagree, yet we wish he had dwelt more elaborately on these speculations.

The last essay is a masterpiece of its kind, gentle, witty, a successor worthy of Hazlitt's *On the Conversation of Poets.* Evidently, Professor de Selincourt was a connoisseur of this moribund art, and he discourses on it with an appreciation and a charm that carry this essay beyond its fellows into the realm of creative prose. It is a fitting conclusion to a book where literary scholarship is made readable without any loss of its necessary dignity.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

CHESS WITH FATHER

My One Contribution to Chess. By F. V. MORLEY. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

If I had known when I happened to meet the hero of this book twenty-five years ago that Professor Morley was a chess player, I should probably have challenged him to a game. It is clear from F. V. Morley's account that if I had done so, Professor Morley would gravely have accepted my challenge and then punished my youthful insolence by wiping me swiftly and ruthlessly off the board. As I did not know, I only remember him as a tall impressive man with large black moustaches, who delighted me by talking of Lowes Dickinson, who was his college friend and my undergraduate idol.

Mr. Morley has written a book nominally about chess; in fact about Greek philosophy and Chinese civilisation and Montaigne and Marcus Aurelius and a hundred other subjects. His most important theme is the life and character of his father. The device is well justified. There is nothing more difficult than to write an intimate biography of someone whose remarkable qualities have not been widely known among the general public. To describe the atmosphere of one's own home, the personal idiosyncracies of one's father, to convey the delicacies of affectionate, daily intimacy without being mawkish or ever failing to sustain the reader's interest—this is indeed a literary exercise of the greatest difficulty. Mr. Morley has succeeded to admiration. His book belongs to a type which has always been rare in America, and is increasingly rare everywhere. It is not glorified journalism; it has, as far as I know, no social purpose; it is not a means of showing off or raising the wind. It gives delight because it seems to be written by a man of leisure; it is a work of art springing from a cultured and untired brain. Mr. Morley must have enjoyed writing it and we share his enjoyment.

The title is half jest; Mr. Morley, like his father, is an expert in mathematical problems and indeed he seems to have spent a considerable part of his life in writing an abstruse and, I gather, unpublished book on the subject of mathematics. But he could seldom or never defeat his formidable father at chess. Unlike Capablanca, who just before his decisive defeat by Alekhine, announced that chess no longer held any mysteries for him and discussed the advisability of playing in three dimensions, Mr. Morley does not pretend that he has mastered the game or that he is bored with it. His proposal to change the board springs from modesty, not from swank. He discovered from being often beaten by his father that knowledge and study give an advantage which outweighs natural skill, and, by way of making us all start equal again, he proposes to add a corridor down each side of the chess board. He ingeniously explains the advantages of this system. All the chess openings would have to be scrapped and everybody would begin again from scratch. If I were about to sail on a long voyage or to spend a year or two in a comparatively comfortable concentration camp, nothing would please me better than to examine the chess possibilities that follow Mr. Morley's ingenious invention. As it is, I shall merely put his book on to a shelf of special favourites and re-read it one night when I go to bed.

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A New Guide to the Derby. By GUY GRIFFITH and MICHAEL OAKESHOTT. *Faber.* 6*s.*

Ten years ago these authors published a book of prophecy under the title *A Guide to the Classics*—a book worth literally its weight in gold to anyone who was sensible enough to buy it and keep it on the shelf; for the sub-title was "How to Pick the Derby Winner." I speak lovingly of that book, as it has been on my shelf all these years and is the one book I would never lend to anyone, for I knew I should never get it back. Ten Derbies have come and gone since 1937; and only once (and that was a spurious Derby run at Newmarket in June, 1940, when anyway our attention was somewhat distracted) did the inductive method of *A Guide to the Classics* fail to reveal the winner.

The new, revised and renamed edition of this work has probably been sold out on the day of publication; so for the unfortunates who have not been able to buy, borrow or steal a copy I will give the gist of what they are missing. The authors' method is inductive reasoning. From a close study of the horses that *have* won the Derby in the last forty years they have evolved certain principles to guide them to the horses that *will* win the Derby in the future. The primary assumption, for the benefit of the sceptical who fancy that all transactions on a

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racecourse must be crooked, is that the Derby is the one horserace which every owner, trainer and jockey concerned is trying to win, and therefore is the one race in which it is safe to disregard the human element. Only the horse matters.

The first thing to consider about the horse is its parentage; and here our authors have made a notable discovery. It is only the progeny of certain sires that *can* win the Derby. The mother of the horse, for some inscrutable reason, is of only minor importance: she can never make her son win the Derby. I can't tell you why, but it is so. By applying this Breeding Test, as the authors call it, every year a number of horses in the Derby field can be eliminated offhand. In the good old days sometimes more than half the field including the favourite could be thus disposed of. But unfortunately owners and trainers must have got hold of *A Guide to the Classics*, for recently the number of runners ineligible to win on breeding has been noticeably reduced.

After its parentage the only thing we need to consider about the horse is its previous performance on the racecourse. The only thing, yes, but requiring most delicate discrimination. This is where readers—and the authors too, as they candidly admit—sometimes take the wrong turning. If it were absolutely straightforward the Derby would be money for jam each year. As it is, it is money for judgment—a carefully balanced judgment after weighing up the incommensurable factors. The authors tell you exactly how to appraise the factors—but you have to balance them up for yourself! There is one absolutely inviolable rule, to bring small comfort. No horse that has never won a race before can win the Derby, however well-bred it may be. It is comparatively easy to reduce the runners to a Short List of horses that *may* win, but the Final Selection of the horse that *must* win! Well, that's where you earn your money. But it may be big money; because of a peculiar—not to say profitable—obsession in the ranks of those deplorable neurotics who spend their time backing horses. The winner of the 2,000 Guineas is almost invariably the Derby favourite: and only three of these winners in the last twenty years has gone on to win the Derby.

The situation is the same this year. There is Tudor Minstrel, the Guineas winner, an odds-on favourite. Will he win? He must be on the Short List, because he *may* win. But? Of the others, twelve out of the field of twenty-three *cannot* win on Breeding; and another three *cannot*, as they have never won a race. That leaves eight little niggers who *can*. But which of them *must?* As THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has not yet got a Racing Correspondent, I must confide my own Final Selection to my bookmaker—poor man.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

CHOOSING BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

About Books for Children. By DOROTHY NEAL WHITE. *Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 10s. 6d.

"Sad I hate sad, but cruel I love cruel," said a child (quoted by Walter de la Mare) voicing a fairly general view. Nearly all children are natural hedonists, and as their vividness and wholeheartedness of imagination turns a book into real life itself at the moment of reading it, stories of calamity and disappointment produce no catharsis in them but only the crushed frustration of actual disaster. I knew a child who hid a book in the deepest recess he could find rather than be reminded even by the look of its cover of the painful events it described. This, then, is one simplification for parents—no books must end sadly. The case of cruelty is not so easy. Though many children enjoy stuffing themselves on savage scenes of Red Indian tortures or the horrors of war, some are made miserable by the indigestion that follows the same night after the light is out, and when they are alone with their grizzly images. Mrs. White believes that children are "carnivorous little animals" and "may as well have the real thing if they want it"; certainly many authors must believe this too, who (otherwise harmless) break out into unbridled sadism when they write for children—for instance Conan Doyle, with his fearful torture scenes in *The Refugees*. Whether it is a good thing for children to let off the steam of their cruel instincts, or whether the appetite grows by what it feeds on is a vexed question. It is in essence nearly the same as the well-worn controversy as to whether people who torment cats and dogs are for that reason kinder to human beings, and to this question experience answers No, whatever the *a priori* arguments may lead one to expect.

Mrs. White is a New Zealander who was trained at the Carnegie Library School in Pittsburgh and then returned to a distinguished career as a Children's Librarian in her native land. She writes from great experience and with sound sense and a catholic taste. Her book is full of useful suggestions and stimulating reflections. She treats, belittling none of them, of fairy stories, realistic novels, natural history books, plays, poetry and nonsense. ("A law demanding that all parents read Lear's *Nonsense Poems* to children might have more salutary effects than a law which says an apple a day or a glass of milk.") Realistic books, she thinks, are better at handling the making of bonfires and sailing of boats than personal relationships. The most important of these to a child is that of parent and child, yet earlier writers often waive this altogether by massacring mothers at child-birth or laying them out on sofas as lifelong cripples, and packing fathers off to Poona. Other emotional situations get stereotyped treatment, and Mrs. White was once asked by a stepmother to find a book to counteract the effect of all the wicked stepmothers of fiction, who were poisoning her relations with her own stepdaughter. She here recommends several books dealing realistically with human relationships, including two about antagonism between parent and child. The realistic books recommended for children under ten are at a lower level than those for their elders; the necessary simplification often produces something nauseatingly flat and insipid, and this suggests that this age is better suited by a fantastic and imaginative diet.

As to bad books, Mrs. White believes they do much insidious harm in setting up second-rate standards and values; especially is this so with school stories which children often take for faithful mirrors of a world they want to learn about. Where style is concerned "the worst fault . . . is not any flagrant departure from formal grammar, but the colourless, dull, passionless use of language, which ultimately ruins for a child his sense of the resources and vitality of English."

One small drawback to this very useful book is that a certain number of the books mentioned are, naturally enough, American and New Zealand publications. A more serious one is that, though Mrs. White praises nearly all the best children's books for the best reasons, she sometimes praises bad books for bad reasons. Her sieve has rather too wide a mesh and some defects slip through—in particular a certain goody-goody mawkishness in books for little girls.

FRANCES BIRD

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- there are still some vacancies at the Phoenix International School, Lydney, Gloucester, between July 26th and August 23rd. The school is to be conducted in two fortnightly sessions (inclusive charge £8 per fortnight) and will range over a discussion of contemporary political and social questions.
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Week-end Competitions

No. 902

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for the best future remarks of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Shinwell, Mr. Ben Hecht, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, the President of the Royal Academy and the competitor himself. A remark from each of these persons is required from competitors. Entries by June 17.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 899

Set by Benedict Nicolson

The usual prizes are offered for a Third Programme evening, as announced in the *Radio Times*, in under 200 words, which would prove too stiff even for its most determined public. The Programme must remain within the bounds of reasonable possibility: for example, Mr. George Barnes might admit extracts from *Beowulf* in Anglo-Saxon but not from *Ulysses* in Urdu.

Report by Benedict Nicolson

The problem was to suggest boredom without being boring. Too many competitors, in their eagerness to be funny, submitted items which I for one would have enjoyed listening to: "ADDRESSED TO CHILDREN." A series of talks of special interest to children is a new feature of the Third Programme. 1. "The Problem of Parental Eroticism, by a Gestalt Psychologist" (H. and P. Asher). Others approached the Third Programme not with affection but with hostility, invented comic names for professors and choirs (the only successful entry on these lines came from Dr. H. L. Colwin) and made it an excuse to prick a number of fashionable bubbles not quite ready for bursting: Kierkegaard, Hindemith, Bartok, Existentialism. Out of the avalanche of entries I select a few items which together defeat the prize-winners. (Some are, I admit, "outside the bounds of reasonable possibility," but they amuse me.)

Some lesser-known works of the seventeenth-century Spanish composers arranged for sackbut and psaltery. (After the recital Patric Dickinson will assess the influence of the above compositions on early eighteenth-century French poetry.) (F. H. Thorpe.)

Wordsworth and the English Lakes. Discussion by two Westmorland shepherds. Illustrations by the Grasmere Poetry Society. (Hedley Botham.)

Gordobuc. (M. C.)

"A Modern Approach to Poetry." T. S. Eliot will meditate in the studio. There will be no spoken accompaniment. (H. and P. Asher.)

Bentley's Milton. Mr. George Rylands will read selections from Milton as rewritten by Richard Bentley on the assumption that his amanuensis took down his writings incorrectly. (C. H. Monk.)

Minor Poets. Their lesser poems. 56. Erasmus Darwin. (Myra Verney.)

A cell in the Himalaya. (From 6.0 to 10.50.) The microphone is installed in the cell of a holy man who is spending three years of solitary meditation and self-abnegation in the Himalaya. The hermit follows a rule of silence so that only the turning of a prayer wheel and the pacing up and down of sandals will be heard during the broadcast. (Pamela Ridley.)

Readings during the Interludes from Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." (Several competitors.)

The Lithuanian silent film of the twenties: talk by Dingle Crabb. (Henry Gifford.)

Egyptological Spelling Bee. Contest between teams drawn from wives of staff of British and Pitt Rivers Museums. (Edward Choppen.)

Jungle Noises. Prof. J. H. Pendleburg, Curator of the Museum, Kuala Lumpur, will take a microphone into the Malayan jungle, and identify the noises of the insects heard. He will give the Malay and English names of the insects, where they exist, and also a brief description of each. (A. G.)

"Sound on the Air." An attempt to reproduce the various interferences to which the normal programme is subject. ("Rustic.")

"The development of British humour in the nineteenth century." A reading of the captions under illustrated jokes in *Punch*. No. 26 of the series. February–March 1853. (Gordon Reekie.)

Politics and Visual Arts, miserable; and, strangely enough, no readings from automatic writing. I recommend a first prize of three guineas to M. C. J., and a second prize of two guineas to Dr. H. L. Colwin.

"SEACHT BUAIDHE AG EIRIGHE AMACH." The first of a series of readings of Padraig O'Conaire's short stories. Read in Gaelic by Siobhan Ni Hallaghan and accompanied on the harp by Eoin O'Domhnaill. (Fergus Allen.)

FIRST PRIZE

6.0 p.m.—"HORTOBAGY." A series of selected excerpts from the sound track of the Hungarian Pastoral film.

6.45 p.m.—THREE-DIMENSIONAL CHESS. A Commentary by G. W. Stonier on the contest taking place at Bridlington this week.

7.30 p.m.—David Kossoff and James McKechnie in Ossian's "TEMORA," a dramatised version by Patric Dickinson. The popularity of Ossian may be largely attributed to the translation of his epic poems "Fingal" (6 books) and "Temora" (8 books) by James Macpherson, published in 1760.

While Macpherson's translation has been used, the adaptor has struck a bold note in this version by sustaining the narrative with excerpts in the original Gaelic spoken by a women's chorus. Part One. (Recording of last Monday's broadcast.)

9.0 p.m.—THE PRIMARY INFLUENCE OF VISCHNEGRADSKY ON VLADIMIR SCHTSCHERBATCHEW. A talk by Anna Instone.

9.30 p.m.—Ossian's "TEMORA," Part II.

10.30 p.m.—THE ATTITUDE OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COPTIC CHURCH TO THE ANTILEGOMENA. A talk by C. Jinarajadasa, President of the Theosophical Society.

11.0 p.m.—CLOSE DOWN.

(Prose readings between programmes will be selected by Cyril Connolly from "Phaedon" by Moses Mendelssohn.)

M. C. J.

SECOND PRIZE

6.0 p.m.—BIMETALLISM.

Professor W. R. Gummidge, in the sixteenth of twenty talks, discusses the theory and practice of Bimetallism. 16. "The possible effects on Roman art, had the Etruscans been Bimetallists."

6.25 p.m.—Introduction to π. Arranged for broadcasting by Peer Pepper.

Dr. Q. Humptsch, F.S.S., has recently calculated the value of π to twenty thousand decimal places. To-night he will read the complete series of figures he has obtained. Part I. The first ten thousand decimal places. (Repeat Thursday 6 p.m.)

7.30 p.m.—THE ORIGINAL AND THE TRANSLATION. Readings from Chinese poems made famous by Arthur Waley in his translations. In the original Chinese.

8.0 p.m.—π. Part II. The second ten thousand decimal places. (Repeat Thursday 7.30 p.m.)

9.0 p.m.—ASPECTS OF EUROPEAN MUSICAL HISTORY. 44. Trios by the lesser pupils of Spontini. Played by the Misharmonia Trio.

9.50 p.m.—"FROM THE ALONE TO THE ALONE."

Dr. Ramgopalandranath Viswamapadhay, the Nepalese mystic, discusses the relation of this line from Stephen Spender's "The Uncreating Chaos" to twelfth-century Buddhist thought.

His talk will be followed by a meditation period of approximately fifty minutes, in which listeners are invited to join. (B.B.C. recording.)

10.55 p.m.—CLOSE DOWN.

Interlude readings are taken from the first edition of Gray's "Anatomy."

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S./LDR. and wife, two young children, req. home help, live in. Lovely country. Foreigner welcomed. State sal. reqd. Reply Laundry Cottage, Bowden Hill, Lacock, Wilts.

LADY would like to do some voluntary social work in evenings. Box 6576.

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KINDERGARTEN Teacher, mother of 2, offers to take child boarder during holidays. Lotte Bullock, 71 Boycroft Ave., Kingsbury, N.W.9.

CONTACT Lens Practitioner. Wm. Sudder-Dean, F.B.O.A., F.N.A.C., 355 Oxford St. W.1. Write for leaflet.

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Appointments Vacant

APPLICS. invited from suitably quald. men and women at least 30 and under 45 years of age on May 1, 1947, for appointment as Economic Adviser in the Economic Section of the Cabinet Secretariat; the officer appointed will work with the Scottish Home Department in Edinburgh and will be concerned primarily with economic problems affecting Scotland. Appointment on basis of five-year contract, salary rising from £1,050 by annual increases of £50 to £1,250, both incl. At least Second Class Hons. degree in Economics or equivalent qualifics. required. Applic. form from Secy., Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 1894. Completed form must be returned by June 14, 1947.

ROYAL Navy: Short Service Commissions in the Education Branch. Applics. invited from University graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for short service commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Education Branch of R.N. Officers with scientific qualifics. are particularly reqd. at the present time to serve as instructors in Radar, W/T etc., and for Meteorological duties. Entry will be in two grades and in each an allowance of seniority is made for previous officer service in the last war. Selected candidates with 1st and 2nd class hons. degrees without previous officer service receive approx. £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates without previous officer service receive £237 in first year, £310 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. In addition, marriage allowance is paid, £228 p.a. for men of 25 and over, £117 for men under 25. Accom. and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. All officers receive an outfit allowance. For those who enter before June 30, 1947, tax free gratuities are payable at the end of three, four or five years respectively at rate of £112 10s. for each complete year's service. For entries after June 30, 1947, the rate will be £100 for each year's service. Teachers who enter from contributory service under the Teachers (Superann.) Acts will be enabled to continue in contributory service, superann. payments being deducted from above gratuities. Opportunities will be afforded to officers towards the end of their short service for selection for permanent commissions. Education Officers serve both ashore and afloat and are responsible for all educ. work. They are borne in the larger ships, and in the Naval Colleges, Training Establishments and Air Stations. Officers with suitable qualifics. may also be employed on general meteorological and forecasting duties. Apply to Director, Education Dept., Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for further information and applic. forms.

B.B.C. invites applics. for posts of Education Officers in Wales. Duties will involve travelling in Wales to visit schools and to hold meetings and discussions with teachers and with educational bodies. General educ. exp. of as varied a nature as possible is desirable. This should include exp. of teaching in school and of further education and a good knowledge of the educational system. A knowledge of Welsh is essential. Pending settlement of Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding, the post will be non-estabd. Max. starting salary (consolidated) £690 p.a., rising to £890 p.a., annual increment £40. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, tog. with further details of the post and information on the Superann. position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For reply please enclose stamped add. env. Closing date is three weeks from date of this insertion. Envelopes should be marked "Education, Wales."

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Research Assistant on staff of Central Council for School Broadcasting. Duties involve study of evidence on suitability and use made of School Broadcasts and preparation of digests and reports thereon. Exp. of teaching in schools essential. Exp. of some form of educational research and knowl. of statistical methods an advantage. Pending settlement of Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding, post will be non-established. Max. starting sal. (consolidated) £530 p.a., rising to £680 p.a., annual increment £30. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, together with further details of post and information on Superannuation position of teachers serving with B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1. For reply please enclose s.a.e. Closing date for receipt of completed applic. forms June 28. Envelopes to be marked "Education Research."

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of English Monitor in the Monitoring Service at Caversham, near Reading. Duties entail listening to foreign broadcasts in English and writing full reports on their contents. Work is on shift basis with a proportion of night work. Wide general knowledge, sound political sense, good command of the English language and perfect hearing are reqd. Typewriting essential. Max. starting salary £395 p.a., rising to £475 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broad-Monitor," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose stamped add. envelope.

DERBY Educ. Cttee. Parkfields Cedars Secondary Grammar School (590 Girls). Assistant Mistress to share in the work of English to School Cert., Higher School Cert., and Univ. Scholarship standard. A lively interest in drama and ability to take Speech Training will be a recommendation. Hons. degree, training and exp. desirable. Salary Burnham Scale. Applics., no form issued, giving date of birth, details of qualifics., training, exp., etc., together with copies of three recent testimonials, to be sent at once to C. Middleton, Director of Educ., Education Office, The Council House, Corporation St. Derby.

Appointments Vacant—continued

NEWNHAM College, Cambridge. The Council invites applics. for post of full-time lecturer (woman) in German, appointment to take effect on October 1, 1947. Work will include about twelve hours supervision weekly (German essays, composition, and literary discussion classes). Qualifics.: British Univ. degree, residence in Germany, exp. of Univ. teaching and of research. Salary scale: £325 p.a., rising by £15 p.a. to £600 p.a. with residence (exp. may be taken into account in fixing the initial salary). Further details from the Principal. Applics. (5 copies) should reach the Principal by the 14th June, 1947, and should be accompanied by 5 copies of not more than 2 testimonials and names of 2 refs.

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REQUIRED in Sept. for Recognised Girls Prep. School—happy, progressive atmosphere—South coast easy reach London, two resident Froebel mistresses for children aged 7½ to 10½, usual subjects, special interest in Nature Study or Art and Handwork. Revised Burnham scale. Apply: Principal, Portsdown Lodge School, Cooden Beach, Sussex.

THE Mount School, York. (Under management of the Society of Friends). Wanted, Sept., Resident Mistresses for Physics, Chemistry, History to H.S.C. Standard. New Burnham Scale, Govt. pens. Also reqd., Sept., Assistant Matron for girls' boarding school. Apply with full particulars to Headmistress, The Mount School, York. (No forms.)

TROWBRIDGE Girls' High School, Wilts. Wanted in Sept. a Mistress, Froebel trained (good English, Arithmetic and Biology) or a Graduate (Botany, Zoology, Maths.), interested in modern methods with the younger children, to take charge of a form of 10½ year-olds and teach some subjects in the forms above. Apply to the Head Mistress.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

EDITORIAL Assistant reqd. for Journal of The Institution of Electrical Engineers. Engineering, or Sci. Degree nec. Exp. in sub-editing of high-class technical copy and knowledge of foreign langs. advantageous but not essential. Age 24-35; sal. £400-£500 p.a. according to age and experience. Applics. to Secy. of The Institution, Savoy Place, London, W.C.2.

CAPABLE man/woman of high intelligence and integrity, as personal assistant to owner-manager of soundly established London radio and electrical business. Write only, stating age and full particulars. Box 6516.

NATIONAL Peace Council needs shorthand/typist. Good conditions, 5-day week. 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CULTURED secretary-companion required. Clear reading aloud, fond of country, domesticated. Mrs. R. C. Trevelyan, "The Shiffolds," Leith Hill, Dorking, Surrey.

RELIABLE Home Help wanted by Naval Officer's family. Temp./perm. Poss. foreigner. Cooking essential. 2 children in fam., which is normally 3. Nice home, gd. hrs. Apply with ref. and wage required, Mrs. Vaughan Edwards, 28 Craneswater Ave., Southsea.

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Appointments Wanted

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LADY seeks post as resident Secretary Companion Housekeeper pref. in country house. Travelled America and Europe. Exp. business, welfare, some hotel and house management. B.A. deg. 1 Yr. Domes. Science. Drives car. Owns typewriter. Gd. shthnd. speed. Used to staff control. Gd. appearance. Box 6706.

GENTLEMAN, 31, interests international youth educ. & travel. Able organiser, public speaker, desires creative outlet. Box 6685.

POST Housekeeper where girl 4 yrs. welcome, and/or charge 1/2 children. Box 6681.

YOUNG Lady (24) seeks appointment with Labour M.P. or in social service. Expd. secretary, shorthand-typing, knowledge French, German, etc. Box 6673.

EX-Capt. (24), travelled Africa, India, Malaya, vitally interested in the Arts, has fluent virile pen, sks. int. creative post in Journalism or other sphere of writing. Pref. U.K. (Lond.). Kndge. Biology, Chemistry (Inter. B.Sc.), Photography. Army exp. in magazine editing, etc. Drive anything. Box 6657.

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WOMAN graduate (24) seeks 1/2 month job abroad. Can drive, type, adaptable. Small salary acceptable. Box 6640.

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GRAD. (History), yng. woman, fluent German and French, shorthand/typing, seeks research or journalistic post. Box 6558.

CARTOONIST, Left-wing, known, sks. change post. Provinces considered. Box 6541.

YOUNG lady, exp. secretary, requires interesting post. Shorthand/typing, knowl. German, some French. Willing travel. Box 6518.

YNG. woman medical student (ex-Service) reqs. vacation employment July-Sept. Anything considered, travelling pref. but not essential. Box 6512.

MALE Oxford graduate (History Hons. Class II), 25, unmarried, passionate collector of election results, born conservative in everything except politics, ex-Service, seeks employment. Box 6511.

EDUCATIONIST, wide varied exp. (England and Continent), qual. reg. schoolmaster, sks. responsible post with scope for educational initiative. Subjects: German, Classics, Psychology, Music. Box 6493.

WOMAN Graduate, expd. Staff training, bus. organiser, healthy, mobile, excellent testimonials, good mixer, sks. responsible post £500. Box 6490.

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DOCTOR, R.A.F., next 12-18 months desires furn./unfur. accom. Wife, child one year. Willing share young people. N.W. Lond. area preferred. Box 6591.

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WANTED in Central or East London, furn./unfurn. room with cooking facilities for woman teacher, away holidays. Box 6665.

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MANCHESTER Vegetarian or Food Reform Home reqd. for student attending Manchester Univ. Comfortable room essential. Please write to 3, Cherkley Hill, Givons Grove, Leatherhead, Surrey.

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